

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,842, Vol. 71.

February 14, 1891.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

ON Friday week one of those incidents in Parliament occurred which puzzle the simple. Mr. SMITH, with the cordial approval of Mr. GLADSTONE, expressed doubts about the possibility of giving time for Mr. MORLEY's Irish motion, because of the delay on the Tithe Bill. Then a strange thing happened. The Tithe Bill itself, which might have been brought in, was not, and the House was counted out before dinner-time. The difficulty, however, was as simple as those who found it difficult. For some reason not distinctly connected with Boulogne, the Gladstonian leaders were evidently not anxious to bring the motion on; and that being so, the word had been given to the Welsh members to obstruct as they did on Thursday week. Both Friday and any other night could have been easily wasted in the same way. *C'est la moralité de cette comédie*. The only business of any actual importance was Mr. ROWLANDS's motion for abolishing the Livery Franchise, which was discussed with fair liveliness (Mr. MATTHEWS making a sensible speech on the subject), and rejected by 148 to 120. Mr. CONYBEARE and a count-out followed. Meanwhile, in the other House, the Custody of Children Bill passed through Committee, notwithstanding the opposition, renewed more than once but not pressed to a division, of Lord MORRIS. We own that we are rather with that ingenious Irish peer.

The only minor matter of any interest in the House of Commons on Monday was a question (or rather two) by Mr. CAUSTON and Mr. SUMMERS, intended to "draw" the ATTORNEY-GENERAL as to what would happen if, in default of the Three R's Bill, Roman Catholics were appointed to the Woolsack and the Castle. It is needless to say that Sir RICHARD WEBSTER was a recalcitrant badger and absolutely refused to be drawn; whereat loud wails over his want of sportsmanship have come from the Radical side. The business of the night was the Tithe Bill, the report stage of which was not finished, less owing to any resistance on the part of the Gladstonian leaders (who seem to be unable to make up their minds whether they want a debate on Ireland or not) than to the rank and file, who had either had "the office" given to them or were rebellious. A clause insisting on trial by jury was much discussed, and rejected by 200 to 149, while another precluding "higher scale" costs shared the same fate by 187 to 135. Mr. HEALY was not more fortunate with some sprouts of his own brain; but there was much bickering over amendments, one by Mr. TAYLOR, with reference to expiring tenancies and the right of the owner to pay and recover (to which it seems the Opposition objected, but against which they did not speak), being accepted by the Government and carried. But most were rejected, and midnight found the stage uncompleted. Meanwhile the House of Lords had passed the report of the Custody of Children Bill, and had done such other business as it might.

On Tuesday, in the House of Lords, the Royal Assent was given to the Tuam and Athenry Railway Bill, and the House considered and adopted its new Standing Orders. In the Lower House the usual Ash Wednesday motion, opposed in the usual silly and obstructive fashion, was carried by 226 to 135. A fuller House saw the carrying of Mr. SMITH's motion of precedence for the Tithe Bill by 243 to 178, Mr. STAVELEY HILL kindly giving the Opposition cat a run out of its bag as to the Irish debate, and many private members bewailing the time of which they make such very bad use. Mildest but loudest rose the wail of Mr. BRYCE at being cut off from Access to Mountains just when he had, so to speak, his foot on the slopes of Pisgah, after nine years' waiting. To which it can only be

said that for nearly half these nine years Mr. BRYCE's own friends were in power, could have made him beautiful on the mountains at any time they pleased, and didn't. Yet a third Government motion—that lifting the twelve-o'clock bar for the evening—was carried by 242 to 172. The Welsh and other enemies of the Tithe Bill (it is fair to say that some Conservatives, in their character of very short-sighted farmers' friends, have been nearly as bad as Mr. EVANS or Mr. ABRAHAM) delayed the completion of the report stage till one o'clock by peddling about fees, costs, and other trifles; but it was completed at length.

On Wednesday the Deceased Wife's Sister got her innings later than usual, owing to the Ash Wednesday postponement of meeting, but concluded them earlier. The debate, besides being brief, was extremely unnoticeable; indeed, argument on this question has long been exhausted. The majority was one of the smallest ever known in the history of the measure, the numbers being 202 to 155. The scanty remains of the afternoon were chiefly occupied with an unfinished debate on the Rating of Machinery Bill.

On Thursday Parliament was, as in the Autumn Session, mainly intent on things not strictly within itself. But in the House of Lords Lord DUNRAVEN made, and Lord SALISBURY put aside, a proposal for a Colonial Conference on trade and Imperial defence. In the Lower House the third reading of the Tithe Bill passed by 250 votes to 161. Some Registration Bills were read a second time, as well as the Archdeaconry of Cornwall Bill, which experienced the usual tender mercies of the Liberationists, but without harm.

Nothing, we should suppose, but the necessity Northampton. of comforting themselves for the failure of the

PARNELL negotiations could have induced Gladstonians to take much pride in winning Northampton. Considering their constant maintenance of it with such candidates as Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. BRADLAUGH; considering the reaction in Mr. BRADLAUGH's favour lately, and the illogical, but generous, feeling that the complimentary vote of the House of Commons would be in some way marred if the nominee of his party were not returned; considering "we must add" the "Tory democracy" of Mr. GERMAINE himself; considering, last of all, the persistent rowdiness of the Northampton Radicals, which has broken up almost all Mr. GERMAINE's meetings, and might very well deter timid and lukewarm folk from going to the poll—the election of Mr. MANFIELD, a very strong local candidate, was practically certain, and it was most probable that he would be elected by a greatly increased majority. This was the case, and the majority reached the handsome total of 1,713.

A most important and much-needed scheme for reforming the Egyptian judicature has been projected by Sir EVELYN BARING, and will, it is said, receive the KHEDIVÉ's support. It is very distasteful to RIAZ Pasha and the Egyptian Conservative ultras, as well as, for less respectable and even more obvious reasons, to the French party. Another step which ought to have been taken long ago has at last been begun—that of the reoccupation of Tokar from Souakim; fresh troops being sent from Egypt to fill the places of those detached for the purpose.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Saturday morning last brought little foreign news of importance, except more darkening of counsel about Chili, and the report of an Arnaut rising in Old Serbia, which will be serious or not as it may suit a certain Great Power.—Some grumblers will have a crow to pluck with Sir AUCKLAND COLVIN for his recent expressions about "raising the native standard of comfort" in India. Where is the kindness of

increasing a man's wants!—In Canada Sir JOHN MACDONALD has started his electoral campaign with a Manifesto at once ingenious and patriotic. The Canadian Opposition, on the other hand, with great frankness, constructs its platform out of Free-trade with the United States, tariff against Great Britain, and a separate Minister at Washington. Why not also Bermuda occupied by a Canadian garrison at English expense, and a few other trifles?—Great searchings of heart have arisen in the United States as to a proposed addition to the Copyright Bill dealing with engravings and similar work.—Count ALFRED SCHLIEFFEN has been appointed Count WALDERSEE's successor as chief of the German Staff. A reply, supposed to be inspired by the late Chancellor, has been given to the present CHANCELLOR's defence of the Anglo-German agreement in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. General von CAPRIVI has again taken the line of unhesitating friendliness towards England; and Mme. PATTI has experienced unpleasantly the truth of the old saying that "there are judges in Berlin," having been arrested for debt by a smart agent who knew how to make money out of a prima donna's caprices.—Count d'HAUSSONVILLE, one of the most respectable of the Royalist leaders in France, spoke at Nîmes on Sunday, directly attacking the LAVIGERIE plan of bowing in the temple of RIMMON, and indirectly rebuking the Boulangist transactions. This is as it should be, but the history of French Royalism is not cheering. The suppression of *Thermidor* has led (Heaven knows how!) to a duel between a journalist and that very accomplished scholar, M. LARROUMET, Director of the Fine Arts Department, who was wounded "in the hand" as usual.—In Italy a Ministry, which may have a little life, seems to have been formed, chiefly from the Minghettist malcontents with Signor CRISPI, by the Marchese DI RUDINI. Its members would appear to be about as inexperienced as those of Lord DERBY's famous Ministry of 1852, save that the head here has little more training than the members, and that there is no Mr. DISRAELI. The best-known of them, at least abroad, is Signor VILLARI, the historian. It is announced that the new Cabinet will rigidly adhere to the foreign policy of its forerunner.—The endless quarrel between Queen NATALIE and everybody in Serbia has been going on. M. RISTITCH has been very rude to the QUEEN; the QUEEN has shown that hardly any rudeness could be too great towards her if she were a man. This unlucky lady appears to be not only a firebrand but a weather-cock. She is reported even to have drifted from Russia to Austria, and the only interests she seems never to think of are the interests of Serbia.—M. STAMBOULOFF, with his usual ability, is said to have welcomed the recent demand of Russia through Germany for the expulsion of Nihilists from Bulgaria as a means of getting rid of the Russian spies and agents who have so frequently bred disorder in the Principality.—We could hardly believe that Mr. STANLEY really said that he had received gifts from Sovereigns amounting to 500,000 dollars, and was going to give them all to General BOOTH. Mr. STANLEY's arithmetic has always been peculiar, as was shown in his estimate of his own subscription to the Relief Expedition; but it could scarcely run to this. Perhaps, we thought, he said "cents," not "dollars." It appears, however, by later news, that it was said, but was "a joke." Mr. STANLEY's jokes are even more peculiar than his arithmetic.

At the end of last week Archbishop WALSH assumed the tone of Père DUCHÊNE—adjusted, of course, to an archiepiscopal key—in reference to the National League, which, it seems, does not respect bishops. A terrible thing, certainly; but, suppose bishops, on their side, respect neither the POPE nor some one who is, even in the POPE's view, above the POPE?—Another Roman Catholic prelate, Dr. LOGUE, of Armagh, whose record is as much more respectable than Dr. WALSH's as Dr. WALSH's is than Dr. CROKE's, rather tardily came to the rescue of the Ten Commandments with a pastoral. It will not do the Ten Commandments much good, and might have been inconvenient to the Great Reconciliation, with which reconciliation may be connected, not only the interesting Parliamentary comedy above commented on, but the fact that the railway carriages and platforms of Ireland knew not their discredited King on Saturday and Sunday last. Mr. PARNELL early in the week spoke very unfavourably of union, and was laboriously informed by Gladstonians that they don't know such a person, don't want to know him, and never did. And, alas! on Thursday morning came the news that the Great Reconcilia-

tion itself had utterly broken down—the breakage being "wailed about with mews" from Mr. O'BRIEN to the extent of one mortal column, more quietly regretted by Mr. DILLON, and announced in a short and confident document by Mr. PARNELL. It was not difficult to see that Mr. GLADSTONE dared not give as much as he would have liked, that Mr. PARNELL made it too certain that he was not going to be the scapegoat, that Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON have been reprehensibly indifferent to the good of the Gladstonian party, and that the Anti-Parnellites, with a man of straw at their head and divers conflicting edacities, as Mr. CARLYLE would have said, behind him, were able to effect nothing. As before, however much it is boxed about, it must come to good for Unionists, if only they keep their heads. The revelations which Mr. MCCARTHY had to make on Thursday to a party, probably shivering a little at their prospect, came to little more than this, that Mr. GLADSTONE had tried the usual trick which admiring friends call prudent reserve and unkind foes ingenious equivocation, and that Mr. PARNELL, a person who is not easily paid with words, had seen through the device. Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON, probably in the hope of diverting public attention, returned to England on Thursday, and were of course, as any other persons in their position would be, arrested.—On Tuesday Mr. BALFOUR was presented for his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, with immense enthusiasm on the part of what a descendant of the PLANTAGENETS once so justly called the intellectual eye of Ireland.

On Wednesday morning there appeared in the Correspondence *Times* a very long and, to tell the truth, rather rambling letter from Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD, which, however, enforced a very valuable truth—that we are playing the utter fool by meddling with Hindoo customs, forcing Western fads on the people of India, and so forth.

At the beginning of the week the Cardiff strike looked rather threatening, Mr. JOHN BURNS being to the fore with a reputation for successful trade-ruining tarnished by his Scotch failure and requiring polish; and on Monday a fresh gas strike at Leeds was threatened. The Cardiff strike itself has become very "mixed," all the more so that it is connected with fresh disturbances in the London Docks, and even at Liverpool. There are, however, signs that a strong counter-Union of "freemen" is being got together.

Last Saturday was a great morning for railway Miscellaneous reports, meetings, and announcements of dividends. Some interest was taken in the assertion of the Great Northern Directors that the proposed extension of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire to London is a breach of an agreement concluded under statutory sanction.—The Chancellor of the Diocese of London made this day week a formal statement on the subject of the very unnecessarily discussed reconciliation service in St. Paul's.—On Tuesday the London County Council decided by a narrow majority not to expend its share of the Liquor-duties, in accordance with the recommendation of the Committee, on Technical Education. As this result met the views of Sir THOMAS FARRER, and was undisguisedly connected by some of its advocates with schemes of plunder in regard to the City Companies, it may be regretted even by some who think the subsidizing of technical education little more than a costly crotchet, like so many others.—On Wednesday Mr. COURTNEY delivered an important and valuable lecture on Socialism at University College, London, and Lord ABERDEEN discoursed on Canada.—On Thursday Mr. GLADSTONE opened the Free Library in St. Martin's Lane (where erst sanguineous dentists used to bide), supported by Mr. SMITH. He said, on the whole, what he ought, conventionally at least, to have said, and he went away.—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by the Coroner's jury in the case, at Horley, of the woman who is accused of having ill-treated a servant girl.

Only two names of much mark need record in the obituary of the present week—that of Major BROMHEAD, who, with Lieutenant CHARD, half redeemed Isandula by the defence of Rorke's Drift; and that of MUSURUS Pasha, long and honourably known as Turkish Ambassador in London, a scholar as well as a skilful diplomatist and an agreeable gentleman.

WHY IT FAILED.

THERE are bad times ahead for the Muse of History.

Divine though she may be, she has not her Olympian Father's omnipotence; and when she has to inspire the Irish historian—the JUSTIN MCCARTHY junior, or “juniores,” of the future—to whom it shall fall to record, in immortal prose, the impressive commencement, the thrilling progress, and the heartrending failure of the Boulogne Negotiations, we cannot but think that CLIO will find herself, humanly speaking, “gravelled.” It may even be that she will have at last to content herself with placing a pen of fire in the gentleman's hand, pitchforking a bundle of Mr. O'BRIEN's and Mr. DILLON's voluminous manuscripts on his writing-table, and desiring him to worry the facts out of them as best he can. He will assuredly find his work cut out for him in dealing with the lengthy allocution delivered last Thursday by the former of those two heroes, and with the shorter, but not less mysterious, deliverance which followed it from the other. All that is to be definitely gathered from either of them on a first half-dozen perusals is that there are two men of wisdom, moderation, generosity, patriotism, and names beginning, respectively, with the letters D and O apostrophe B (rather characteristic initials, by the way, for so impassioned a rhetorician), who could and would have composed the Irish quarrel if somebody else, whose conduct surprises and yet does not surprise, had not done something which necessarily and yet quite inexcusably defeated their efforts for a settlement. Who that somebody or those somebodies and what that something may be, they do not, of course, tell us in so many words. No doubt it would have been a breach of confidence on their part to put either names or facts into a statement issued “for the information of their fellow-countrymen.” It is, however, less easy to explain why it is that the persons who have misbehaved themselves should not have given us the smallest hint either of their identity, or of the specific character of their misbehaviour, even by way of implication. This it is, however, to possess the statesman's power of concealing one's thoughts.

Let us for a brief space surrender ourselves to the fascinating exercise of endeavouring to discover what precisely it may be that the two patriots are talking about. And, first, what were their own views of their prospects of success as mediators? Mr. O'BRIEN was particularly hopeful. He was sure he could “bring it off”; and, what is more, he is equally sure that it could have been brought off by him if it had not been for—well, for something else. “It is his duty to solemnly declare” (*elegant* *pro* “to declare solemnly”) that “there was no difficulty which a little more sacrifice of personal feelings on both sides might not have surmounted in arriving at a settlement which would have completely satisfied the British people of the friendliness and good faith of the Irish party, and at the same time would have insured the fullest measure of satisfaction to Irish national self-respect.” Perhaps it may be thought that no “substantial agreement was established upon the main points contended for on both sides.” But that is not the case. Such an agreement was established, and yet the settlement, “so vital to the success of our cause and to goodwill between the two countries,” was “shipwrecked at the last moment by mere contests as to words and phrases—contests which with a little more magnanimity and less suspiciousness on both sides might have been easily arranged.” Was it the fault of the newspapers? No; for, although “we were hampered in every step of our efforts for peace, not merely by the malignant tittle-tattle of a giddy and mischief-making section of the English press,” yet Mr. O'BRIEN must not be understood to be for one moment complaining of the attitude of the great mass of the British people or of their newspapers. Did British politicians put a spoke in the wheel? Nay; for, “though serious impediments were placed in our way by responsible persons who, under the influence of some extraordinary infatuation” (can Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT be one of these?), “seemed to grudge every hour devoted to peacemaking, and every attempt to give a less barbarous character to the conflict,” yet, on the other hand, “several of the very foremost men on all sides” (no doubt, including Mr. MORLEY, though he is perhaps less entitled than Sir WILLIAM to the description of “a foremost man on all sides”) lent their best endeavours to promote an arrangement. As to the great mass of the British people, their feeling was one of “sincere helpfulness and sympathy with the Irish people.” A “patient

confidence” which excites Mr. O'BRIEN's admiration and gratitude was “extended to us by a vast majority of our countrymen and our colleagues of both sections of the Irish party.” Yet the negotiations fell through. Why? In the name not only of the political world, but of a philosophical public interested in an apparent failure of the law of causation, we again ask Why? Because, although an agreement “was not only possible, but was in substance sanctioned by all parties,” it has been broken off, and the hopes of the country have been frustrated by “an unyielding temper, not on one or two sides only, with reference to points of phraseology or form.” An agreement sanctioned by all parties gets broken off by the obstinacy of more parties than two. Mr. YELLOWPLUSH's invocation to “men and hangels” rises instinctively to the lips.

Do we find a satisfactory respondent to it, human or angelic, in Mr. DILLON? We cannot think so. Mr. DILLON, as we have said, is less copious than Mr. O'BRIEN, but equally cryptic. He was “largely influenced” in his effort “by the manner in which the opposition to Mr. PARNELL had been carried on by some of his most prominent opponents.” Their “shocking vindictiveness and brutality” had driven tens of thousands of people to Mr. PARNELL's side in Ireland and in America who would have been opposed to his continued leadership if his adversaries had been more polite. Mr. DILLON himself is “utterly unable to accept his leadership,” but he could not throw himself heartily into a struggle conducted on such lines and by such methods. In this condition of mind he was informed by Mr. O'BRIEN that, as a result of his communication with Mr. PARNELL and Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY and others, he was “of opinion that it was quite possible to carry out an arrangement which would, with the hearty assent of all parties ‘in Ireland, restore peace and unity,’ and, in short, do all the wonderful things that the patriotic brethren agreed to anticipate from it.” “Events,” continued Mr. DILLON calmly, “have since fully borne out the truth of Mr. O'BRIEN's ‘views.’” In the course of the negotiations it has been clearly proved that what he thought was possible was so in fact; and its possibility, he goes on, in effect, to say, has been fully established by the demonstration that it can't be done. A “great majority of our colleagues on both sides were desirous of peace and co-operated with us. Nine-tenths of the Irish people were, and are, eager for a peaceful solution.” In fact there is an immense preponderance of the civilized world in favour of it, and it owes its defeat simply to the fact that, “from the commencement of the negotiations powerful influences were at work on both sides against it.”

Can it be said that Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's statement in Committee Room No. 15 throws any very searching light on this dark transaction? Hardly. What it tells us is that Mr. GLADSTONE has deemed it expedient to convey to the anti-Parnellites that for the present he must limit his promises of Imperial disintegration as *per* Conference at Hawarden (see memorandum *not* produced herewith), and that what Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY and his friends had better do is to co-operate loyally with him for the moment in throwing dust in the eyes of the Parnellite party and following in Ireland, and endeavouring to persuade them that, in spite of all that Mr. PARNELL says (for how can you expect a man of lax morals to know what he is talking about on a political question?), the terms offered to Irish Nationalists should be received as an ample fulfilment of their patriotic aspirations. But, if this is all that is to be gathered from Mr. MCCARTHY's statement, it does not tell us much. It leaves us, in fact, entirely in the dark as to the exact relation in which these assurances of Mr. GLADSTONE's stand to the rupture of the negotiations. If Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON were satisfied with the assurances, and were not afraid to say so, they could hardly have filled a couple of newspaper columns with telegrams without letting out the fact that they were so satisfied. If, on the other hand, they regarded Mr. GLADSTONE's promises as insufficient, against whom is their wrath at the failure of their mediation directed? They must in that case have seen that no accommodation was possible, and they would have denounced the pliability of the anti-Parnellites, just as in the opposite hypothesis they would have deplored the obstinacy of Mr. PARNELL. Can it be that all the talk about “insistence on words and phrases” means that Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN urged both parties to unite in pretended acceptance of the Hawarden Scheme, with the private understanding among themselves that its “development” should be insisted on hereafter—say on the eve of the next election? And does it mean

that both parties rejected this proposal—Mr. PARNELL because it did not sufficiently bind Mr. GLADSTONE, and the anti-Parnellites because it left too much liberty to Mr. PARNELL! It would certainly be a plausible explanation of a political incident which, if not explained in some way, will give the Irish historian of the future many a sleepless night.

MODERN GREEK AS SHE IS WROTE.

IF Greek is to be reformed out of education, the wisest thing will be to let it go. Better have no Greek than have blind and naked ignorance, "delivering brawling judgments all day long, On Greek things, unashamed." Unluckily the more some scribes are unacquainted with the language and literature of Hellas, the more they lay down the law about it. Among the decisions of sciolists is the theory that ancient Greek should be learned through and after modern Greek, which is at least a living tongue, is written in newspapers, and may be useful in conversation. People are first to learn to talk modern Greek, and then to go on to the speech of HOMER and THUCYDIDES, with accuracy and facility. It is asserted that the spoken and written Greek of to-day is a highly-refined language, emendated into accordance with the ancient standard. This is true to a certain extent. The written and spoken language of educated Greeks is not a natural development of the Greek that existed before Greek independence. It is, perhaps, almost as unlike the naturally developed Romainic of the popular ballads as unlike classical Greek. The vocabulary is full of old words revived, but it is also full of mongrel terms, of debased linguistic coinage. The idioms are extremely distressing. In place of the admirable grammatical structure of true Greek, we find a collection of *clichés* and out-worn phrases from the French and English newspapers turned into Greek with the queerest effect.

As an example of the bastard speech which it is actually proposed to teach in England, we may take some specimens from the *Diegemata* of Monsieur BIKELAS, or of KOS BIKELAS, as he would be called, Kos being short for Kurios. The first story is about a corpulent schoolmaster named KOS PLATEAS. PLATEAS gets nearly drowned, but people come to his rescue, and *Χάρis εις τας επικαιρους προσπαθίας των εκει συνδραμόντων, συνήλθεν εις τον αυτον του ο Kος Πλατίας*. That is, literally, "Thanks to the opportune efforts of those who ran up, Mr. PLATEAS came to the self of him." This is a pretty kind of Greek. *Συνδραμόντων δι των και βοηθησάντων ανέλαβεν εαυτον ο Πλατίας*. That is, more or less, how the rescue of Mr. PLATEAS would be described in real Greek. The moderns have the words, but they have not the language. The usual fourth-form boy would be nearly "killed with wopping" if he wrote the style of KOS BIKELAS. But, if the fourth-form boy is actually to be taught this dog-Greek at school, he will never shake off its influence. His Greek will be like Mr. Punch's school-boy's Latin; *jocus est extreme pauper*, indeed. Here is another example. A bad English writer might say, "Considerations of health suggested this form of exercise to the (corpulent) professor." Well, this is how KOS BIKELAS puts it in Greek:—*την ασκησιν ταυτην επιβαλλον εις τον καθηγητην λογοι υγεινης. Της υγειας ενκα ταυτη τη ασκησει ο γραμματικος εχρητο*, may not be very elegant, but, at all events, it is rather more like Greek than the style of KOS BIKELAS. Some one chooses the fat pedagogue as a confidant in his love affairs, and exclaims:—*ω ναι, την αγαπω με ωλην μου την ψυχην*. When the schoolmaster hears this amorous outcry, he is conscious of "an undefined feeling of moral tightness." At least, how otherwise can we construe *Ο Kος Πλατίας ηκουσε την εξομολόγησιν με άρυστον αισθημα ηθικης στενοχωρίας*? There is an "amatorious young man," as MILTON says, in this story, who loves a lady. But it was long before he observed her to be in a coming-on humour, or, as KOS BIKELAS, in a style to make DIONYSIUS of Halicarnassus shudder, puts it, he saw *οτι υπάρχει άμοιβαύτης αισθημάτων*. "A reciprocity of sentiments"—how it smells of the modern leading article! One little example more. As PLATEAS entered "the roaring forties," and grew fatter and fatter, he still noted with complacency that his figure preserved its elasticity—*δυσήκει ειστι την ελαστικότητα του*. *Ελαστικότητα* is decidedly a nice Greek word for elasticity.

Such, then, is modern literary Greek. It is a dismal parody of a noble language which, being dead, is also down, and has no friends. Were it not wiser done to abolish Greek altogether, to teach the sciences pleasantly

called "stinks" in its place, to wallow in mathematics and chemistry, and the lingo of gentlemen who discuss "Pan-mixia," as they call it? Anything in education must be better than the hybrid of modern newspaper style, and of old words such as the Olympians used, which calls itself literary modern Greek. "Which of the two do you love?"

PLATEAS asks, thus—*ποιαν από τας δύο*; A Greek would have said *ποτέραν λήγεις*; Of "the two," we prefer no Greek at all.

A MAYOR'S NEST.

A GLADSTONIAN paper, with a frankness equal to that of BALBUS of happy memory, has said that it is a very different thing to criticize the CZAR and to criticize Lord SALISBURY. For the former is what is oddly called "the representative of a friendly Power," and Lord SALISBURY is, of course, the leader of the enemy—a representative only of the powers of darkness. This difference of view, so naively taken and so candidly expressed, is pleasing, but the occasion of it is more pleasing still. It will be remembered by all that some Englishmen, more amiable than wise, assembled at the Guildhall once upon a time to tell the Emperor of RUSSIA how to behave to his own subjects. We and others pointed out at the time that this was a very dubious proceeding *à priori* and as a matter of international manners, and that *à posteriori* it was very likely to receive the most unpleasant of *à posteriori* treatment—to wit, a kicking down-stairs, or a simple turning of the back on the part of the CZAR. Sir JOHN SIMON, whose enthusiasm for his co-religionists may excuse a little heat, shall tell us what actually happened. It was originally proposed that the Guildhall Memorial should be transmitted direct, under the charge of Lord MEATH and Sir ALBERT ROLLIT; two good men, whose benevolence is apparently proof against the fear of what most men dislike more than a blow—a snub, to which you have yourself laid yourself open. But Sir ROBERT MORIER, the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg, undertook, with the sanction of the Foreign Office, to be, if possible, the channel. The document lay at the Embassy for some days, during which Sir ROBERT communicated with Lord SALISBURY, and was then returned to the LORD MAYOR. The LORD MAYOR then sent it straight, and it was sent back, not straight, but to the Russian Ambassador, who gave it to Lord SALISBURY, who gave it to the LORD MAYOR. Therefore, says Sir JOHN, "the Government of this great empire have submitted to be the tools and the medium of a gross indignity," &c. In less grandiloquent language, Sir JOHN SIMON thinks Lord SALISBURY a traitor and the CZAR a boor. The *Daily News*, mindful of old times and perhaps with an eye to new ones, declines to call the CZAR a boor, but is sure that Lord SALISBURY is a traitor.

Let us see if we can consider the matter less in King CAMBYSES' vein. If Sir ROBERT MORIER interfered, we may take it for granted that it was because he knew either that the direct sending of the Memorial would be a breach of Russian Court etiquette, or that it would be lost labour, or that in some other way the intention of the memorialists would be defeated. If, when he had it, he did not present it, we may, with equal certainty, infer that he found himself unable or was asked not to do so. What else he could have done than send it back we humbly confess ourselves unable to perceive. But the LORD MAYOR, instead of taking so broad a hint, sends it once more, and it is once more sent back, which shows more clearly than ever what would have happened if Sir ROBERT had not tried to take it under his wing, and to which, if it is an "insult" at all, the LORD MAYOR had certainly laid himself open. Now who is to blame here? Not Sir ROBERT, for he evidently did what he could. Not the CZAR, within whose perfect right it is, whether his policy be wise or foolish, to decline the dictation of an irresponsible assembly of foreign busybodies, and who seems to have rather gone out of his way to be polite, by entrusting his Ambassador here with the thing instead of putting it in the fire, or returning it without an answer direct to the sender. But Lord SALISBURY? We should really like to know what Sir JOHN SIMON and the *Daily News* would like him to have done. Ignore the whole matter? Forbid Sir ROBERT to have anything to do with it? Send all the men-of-war which have not burst boilers or "drooping-ended" guns to Cronstadt to ram it down the CZAR's throat? Put it in his own waste-paper basket when the Russian Ambassador handed it to him? We can think of

no other alternatives, and, after all, it does not matter whether there are any. For, if there are, and if Lord SALISBURY had adopted them, we may be quite sure that they would have been equally wrong in the eyes of his censors. And let not the lightning wit of these censors retort, "Yes; and equally 'right in yours.'" For, to tell the truth, we are by no means sure that Lord SALISBURY *did* do the right thing in this business, or that the best thing would not have been to leave the Memorial to its snub direct in the first place. But, however this may be, the talk about insults, and tools, and so forth, is absurd. The Czar has simply said—and that not very fiercely—"Gentlemen, pray mind your own 'business'; and probably, if Lord SALISBURY said anything, it might best be formulated thus:—"Did what I could for 'you, you see; but you would have it."

ETON GOSSIP.

A WRITER in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February indulges in some quaint and amusing reminiscences of Eton before she was vulgarized, before her anniversaries were advertised by exhibitions, and her Headmasters submitted themselves to the delicate blandishments of the young man from Northumberland Street. Perhaps Eton shop is not more amusing than other shop, although Dr. WARRE did tell the young man that Eton was a world *in petto*, thus confirming our own opinion that a knowledge of modern languages is not an indispensable part of the curriculum. Perhaps there are some, even among Etonians, who would hesitate if suddenly asked which was good calx and which was bad. But these would belong to the inferior and innumerable multitude, the *vulgus*, the πολλοί—we had almost written the *canaille*—who gathered round an institution never meant for them. "When I say religion," remarked the Reverend Mr. THWACKUM, "I mean the Christian religion; and when I say the Christian religion, I mean the Protestant religion; and when I say 'the Protestant religion, I mean the religion of the Church of England.'" There is no use in being intolerant or esoteric by halves. Hereinafter school will mean Eton, and Eton will mean College; while people who have not been to school will be treated as though they did not exist. The author of *Leaves from a Note-Book*, who is master of an excellent style, and whose identity is otherwise very faintly concealed, must be numbered among the elect. An Oppidan might reject Bever and describe holding down. Only Collegers understand hanging, or know what was the precise duty of servitors. To be sure, the note-taker calls himself "An Etonian and a Colleger," which might be held by the uninitiated to settle the question. But, bearing in mind the case of a recent work on Eton, whose author's name has baffled the researches of the curious, we have thought it more prudent to rely upon internal evidence alone. The effete votaries of a superfine hypercriticism might be inclined to suggest that the celebrated Wall game had been sufficiently brought under the notice of the public. But almost everybody who has hitherto undertaken that task insisted upon portraying the raptures with which the most distant prospect of participating in that odd form of amusement invariably filled his breast. All things are possible to a robust faith. Dr. JOHNSON believed in the Cock Lane ghost until that phenomenon confessed that it was only her fun. Thus minds may have embraced as truth the theory that small boys like being forced to play football on a winter's afternoon, whether they feel disposed or not, whatever the state of the ground may be, and how often soever they may come into bodily contact with the famous wall. Therefore, perhaps it is desirable that we should for once hear a voice which says, "No form of football was ever at any time an overmastering passion with me, but for this particular form I entertained at all times a deep aversion. Truth to tell, it is a savage game, where brute force has the best of it, and the delicate play and agile graces which count for so much in our field game are of little if any avail."

A present Colleger, it seems, being asked who were his particular friends, replied that he could not tell—they were all "so beastly polite" to each other. If this answer be not akin to the famous reason "at Kilve there was no weather-cock," it is rather startling. The humanizing influence of the Headmaster's graceful and elegant manners might be expected to have some influence. But, after all, he coached the Eight for many years without entirely purging the aquatic vocabulary of a certain native richness and vigor.

Collegers, we need hardly say, have always been the salt of the earth, both before the days of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and since the days of Mr. EDMOND BEALES. But schoolboys—and we have already said that there are no other schoolboys—were wont to exhibit in their mutual intercourse an unflinching frankness which rejected false modesty and shrank from insincere compliment. Polite language was employed ironically, as Mr. CHUCKS employed it, and usually with the same termination. On the subject of holding down *Macmillan* is just and explicit. He might have been stronger. It is a shameful and degrading office to impose upon any boy, compared with which blacking boots would be an elevating and an honourable task. But that this mean and vile function should be exacted from Collegers, who ought to be specially exempted from it, is utterly disgraceful. It is characteristic of the governing body, which seems to have no governing mind, that this odious relic of barbarism should be studiously retained, while the ancient and pleasant custom of Bever has been abolished. Dr. WARRE is Headmaster, and Dr. WARRE used not to love the Collegers. We are bound, however, in justice, to say that Bever was abolished at the instance of the Bursar, who, if Eton were a trading company struggling to declare a dividend under disadvantageous conditions, would make an excellent financial secretary. Let any one take a walk in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill, observing the situations of King Henry's Road and Oppidans Road. Then let him reflect that it is the owners of this property, and of much besides, who cannot afford to supply a few cans of beer and a few loaves of bread on summer afternoons. Bever "enabled the upper Collegers to show a not ungrateful hospitality to their Oppidan friends." Even the word, which dates from BEN JONSON or earlier, was worth preserving, and the custom itself was then a hundred years old. We cannot imagine the most ferocious Radical—unless, indeed, he added teetotalism to his other enormities—working himself into a fine frenzy against Bever. And, indeed, Sir WILFRID LAWSON himself would admit, if he had tasted it, that College beer threatened no one's sobriety, being, indeed, less distinctively alcoholic than many of the drinks which pass muster as "non-intoxicant." Argument, however, is useless, and regret is unavailing. "Ichabod" ought to be written on the College gates, and the school motto should be given up as hopeless.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

IT appears from Mr. STANHOPE's Memorandum that the Army Estimates which have been prepared for the coming year will not be of a sensational character: and, indeed, nobody expected they would. Whether the Navy Estimates will provide for that increase in the *personnel* of the service which, Admiral COLOMB has just written to explain, is absolutely necessary remains to be seen; but, on that point, also, very little doubt indeed can exist. With a general election so close ahead a Ministry looks twice before asking Parliament for large grants, whether for material or *personnel*, unless there is a very loud and popular outcry for them. That the addition of the many ships lately launched to the effective strength of the navy must sooner or later entail an increase in the number of the officers and men who must form their crews was foreseen. The addition will probably be left to be made by the next Parliament. From some passages in Admiral COLOMB's letter it may be doubted whether discussions on the Estimates by service members at the present moment will lead to much good. There are signs here and there in it that the old jealousies of the services have somewhat revived of late. Fortified by the lately expressed opinion of General JERVOIS, Admiral COLOMB says pretty explicitly that the navy is sacrificed to the army. In almost so many words he says that, if we would only make our minds up how we mean to defend this country, and would only realize that with a sufficiently strong navy we would be safe, and that without it no military forces would avail—we could strike out a considerable part of the Army Estimates and transfer it to the navy. Pushed with a little vigour, this theory might lead to the abolition of the Militia and Volunteers, together with a complete stoppage of all outlay on coast fortification. It is self-evident that if our navy was of overwhelming strength nobody could possibly invade us; and if there is to be no invasion, then we can dispense with Yeomanry, Militia,

Volunteers, and coast fortifications. With what amount of geniality such a sweeping proposal as this would be received by the sister service the candid reader may be left to judge for himself. We are very sure that if discussion on any such reference were once well started in Parliament and out of it, Mr. STANHOPE and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON might fold their hands in peace, for every kind of practical work would very soon be smothered in a torrent of replies and rejoinders.

The Army Estimates prepare for no revolutionary changes; but, on the contrary, deal with rather small things. The number of men on the establishment shows, we are told, little variation. This means—so we judge by the light of the reports of the Inspector of Recruiting—that the army continues to be some thousands below its proper strength, and is only kept from falling far below it by large engagements of an inferior stamp of man. This at least has been the state of things for some years past, the fact being that the revival of industry and the general rise in wages have made the market worse than ever for the recruiting sergeant. The Militia is suffering from the same complaint. Here, also, the revival in trade, aided by the facilities given to militiamen to purchase releases from their engagements, has brought the strength down. This constitutional force is at present 1,865 men short of what it was last year, when it was already below its nominal strength. Mr. STANHOPE makes the soothing reflection that this decrease in numbers can scarcely cause surprise, and that it would have been more marked but for the revision of Militia establishments last year, which provided for increase in those localities where recruits could be more easily obtained. It is pleasant to know that if the force which is to defend our shores when that invasion which will be made possible by an economical navy takes place, is gradually dwindling away, there are consoling reasons for it. We are in fact getting more and more worth plundering as the force which is to save us from plunder wears away. Then, too, if the Militia is diminishing in size, it is improving in its musketry, and if the two processes go steadily on, by the time the Militia has shrivelled to 1,000 men they will all be crack shots. The Volunteers also are fewer than they were, but this is really pure gain. The result has been obtained by cutting off old and inefficient members. Those who remain are improving in their drill; not only so, but an appreciable percentage of the Volunteers are actually provided with greatcoats, water-bottles, knapsacks, and other necessary portions of a soldier's kit. On the whole Mr. STANHOPE is satisfied that the Volunteers are now very much more efficient for their duties than before. It is true that the dearth of officers still continues. For this also there is satisfactory reason, excellently stated by Mr. STANHOPE. "While it is mainly due to the increasing disinclination of gentlemen of means and leisure to make the necessary sacrifices, there can be no doubt that the falling off of local subscription, even in the matter of prizes, has thrown greater expense on 'Volunteer officers.' In fact there is a satisfactory explanation for everything. If the army is short-handed, if the Militia diminishes, if the Volunteers are gradually becoming all rank and file, we know why. That being so we may be at ease in our minds, and even look on with a philosophic eye while the forces provided for the defence of the country melt in the most natural way in the world.

TIRENISM.

VARIOUS idiotic remedies for poverty have been proposed. The latest is about on a level with the old theory of universally backing ARCHER's mounts. The new suggestion comes from New Zealand, in a nicely printed pamphlet by Mr. W. F. HOWLETT (Wellington: LYON & BLAIN). It is not clear that Mr. HOWLETT is serious about no laughing matter. His simple remedy is "Limit the Population." This does not sound very original; but Mr. HOWLETT dismisses MALTHUS with the not inaccurate remark that nobody reads him, and everybody misrepresents him. His own remedy, he seems to think, applies only to New Zealand, or to countries in similar conditions. He would deny that "everybody has a right to live"—in New Zealand. The Government would sell Rights to Live, and deport every one who did not possess a right, or would "put him to work 'on the roads'—a feasible proposition. The rights "would soon command a certain price," and that would stop

pauper immigration, which might easily be stopped in other ways, if it is permitted at present. Married people would have to buy a new right for each new child. Passengers by ocean steamer would wear "small white rosettes," or would take out a limited right, a share of a ticket; casual and tipsy persons would sell their rights, "and go 'over to Melbourne for a spree.' This would be pleasant for Melbourne. They would also emigrate to England and Europe, which would be agreeable for this quarter of the globe. "Marriage would be regarded with a solemnity 'hardly realizable at present,' though even now marriage is pretty solemn. The State, by a popular vote, could create new rights, as wealth increased. Unearned increment would be partially confiscated. "Tirenism is a cult," and Mr. HOWLETT is sure it will be the established cult of New Zealand. He thinks of issuing a "monthly journal entitled 'Tirenist,' for a Tirenist and his money are soon parted.

We do not know that Mr. HOWLETT's plan requires any comment. He admits that its consequences, if it becomes law, "will unquestionably differ much from any possible 'forecast.' Apparently New Zealand will have to be independent, and then there will be a scramble for the islands, in which population will be reduced by the rough old natural methods—war, pestilence, famine. These are Nature's ways of limiting population, as EURIPIDES remarks in speaking of the Trojan war. When social conditions become unendurable, those methods are set in operation by reformers. Their plans, as Mr. HOWLETT remarks, do not work as they expect them to work, but work they do. History, so far, reveals no other method but the method that prevails in the universe generally, the system of "Nature, red in tooth and "claw." The times of the Greek legislators, who could isolate an island like Crete, as Japan was isolated, are past and over Japan has ceased to be her old lonely self; China is ceasing, even Tibet must be swamped at last. As an interesting American politician has discovered, England may ally herself with China against the States. Pigs may fly, but they are very unlikely animals to attempt the liquid air.

And who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
Clap her broad wings, and seek the equal skies.

After the general smash and the Battle of Armageddon, the population of New Zealand may once more be isolated enough. Then they will limit their numbers, by aid of spears, *patu patus* of greenstone, child-murder, cannibalism, taboos, and the custom of robbing every family which has a new baby. All these are prehistoric Tirenics, but lately obsolete in the "Fish of Maui." They may come in again—very likely they will, when civilization has cut its own throat, and when prehistoric conditions are restored. But civilized men will never be Tirenists, or not in the time of Mr. W. F. HOWLETT.

THE TITHES BILL.

THE Bill, which was read a third time in the House of Commons on Thursday night, on the subject of the recovery of tithes deserves a certain amount of attention as bearing on the general efficiency of the English Parliamentary system. In itself it is a very little one. It abstains most scrupulously from doing more than it says, and it says what, if one believes both political parties (a somewhat extensive exercise of the faculty of belief), both of them are agreed upon. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—and if you are not to believe Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, where are you?—declares that its principles are those which during many a blazing noon and a bitter night he has striven to impress on a wicked Government. It safeguards in the most careful way the amount, and refrains in the most delicate fashion from insisting on the origin and destination, of those funds which reformers declare to be national and sacrosanct, while Tories declare them to be sacrosanct and not national. It does not meddle in the very slightest degree with the method of estimating them, or with their ultimate incidence, and it meddles in the very least possible degree with them in any way. All it does is to quicken, facilitate, and cheapen the process of recovering them, from whomsoever they may be recoverable. It is such a little one that, as we have said more than once, we should personally have the scantiest affection for it if it were not that it may to some extent relieve a very deserving body of men from the present abominable straits to which they are put by the combined hypocrisy and dishonesty of their parishioners. As a measure of legislative

policy there were something to be said against it—for not going anything like far enough, and leaving the roots of disorder untouched; as a provisional measure of distributive justice to help one man to get his own, and prevent another from keeping what is not his, it is not only unexceptionable, but imperative.

Yet what has been its history? In the disorder and disarray of the autumn Session its chances looked satisfactory enough, and it cannot be said to have been badly treated on the second reading, or in Committee. But the delay on the Report has been a scandal mainly, but not wholly, chargeable on the Opposition. It is notorious that the newer kind of Welsh member, therein representing his constituents, has not the slightest desire to see the tithe kept up, even with the hope of handing it over ultimately to Little Bethel, or to the rates, or to anybody but the occupiers. It is, unfortunately, also certain that a certain kind of English county member, not always Radical, and here also representing his constituents, entertains the notion, economically absurd and politically dishonest, that the tithe can be in some way *escamoté* for the farmers' benefit. Now, on the face of it, these two classes ought to have been kept in check by the Opposition leaders and the Government respectively. They were kept in check to some extent by the latter, as far as they were concerned, though not wholly; and so they were to a small, a very small, extent by the former. Many more glaring, but few more undoubted and inexcusable scandals have recently occurred than the collapse of last Friday night's debate, the failure to finish on Monday, and the pottering over ridiculous clauses about five pounds tithe and five shillings costs on Tuesday. When the plain man reads things of this kind, he naturally says, "Are all these good gentlemen trying to protect fraudulent debtors? or, if the debtors are not fraudulent, why all this fuss?" If a man cannot pay the tithe which he very well knew that he incurred when he took his farm, *cantat vacuus*; it will not add much to his bankruptcy. If he can and will not, why give him hornworks and loopholes wherefrom and whereout his dishonesty may hurt honest men? The real truth, of course, is that the members opposing the Bill have meant one thing and voted for another, that the Opposition leaders have been thinking merely of political capital—either permanent in reference to the Bill itself, or temporary in reference to certain other well-known matters—and that the Government, as is its wont nowadays, has been rather slack. In making which remark, we have no intention of reflecting, in the slightest degree, on Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, who has done a troublesome and thankless office—rather distantly connected with his own department—very well indeed.

AN OLD STORY.

THERE is a Society Scandal—also there is nothing about it either new or wonderful. With the thing itself we have nothing directly to do. The matter, to begin with, promises to come before the judges. Persons are mentioned who neither stand nor fall to us. Finally, it does not really matter a jot whether or no the tale is true—save for one detail of it, which is said, on just as good proof as supports the rest, to be a mere lie. Our business is with what is a fair subject for comment—to wit, the copious outpourings of the press on the story. Of these there are two kinds. The first is to be found in the papers which live by tittle-tattle about "Society." Few words need be wasted on them. Our old friend JENKINS has developed—one cannot say advanced—in these days to the condition of "rebellious flunky." MORGAN PENDENNIS has taken to the weekly "social" press. The change has not improved him. In his first stage he made it rather a point of honour not to talk of his master's affairs, and was apt to snub the younger flunky who spoke too lightly of the Major. Now he comes forward with solemn assurances that he has never regarded as his province the disclosure and dissemination of scandal, and then proceeds to disclose and disseminate. But he serves at his trade still. Once he tried to blackmail his master. Now he makes his dirty money by peaching to the snob universe which is interested in that master's doings.

Another kind of comment—and, though a less base, a sillier—comes from the "respectable" press. This also is not new. Indeed, no part of the whole business more perfectly illustrates the old wisdom that "There is no remem-

brance of former things." The respectable press listening to the scandal has not said, "All this has happened before." "Wherever there are rich idle people there will be some who are made of very ordinary clay—bibulous and other"—who will take to amusing themselves as idle humans do; and gambling is a very common form of amusement, and always has been. Therefore, some idle people will gamble, and wherever there is gambling it follows, as the "night the day, that there will be cheating and accusations of cheating. It is all very commonplace, and ought not to be the business of anybody except the parties concerned." But if the respectable press had said that there would have been novelty in the story. It has kept to its old traditions. First, it has solemnly shaken its head, with the sage remark that it will not prejudge a question which is to be brought into court. Then it has proceeded to make observations which are absurd unless it believes the story. It has begun by saying that "the middle class of the country"—honest, lord-loving children of snobland—will be amazed to hear that upper circles do not always confine themselves to noble and refined occupations. The middle class dreams of "the dinner party, sumptuous yet genial, distinguished rather by delicacy and good taste than by the costly and vulgar profusion of the new-minted millionaire; above all, they like to imagine the long evenings devoted to refined amusements, and to conversation which is brilliant without pedantry and courtly without servility, wherein statesmen lay aside the burden of office and august personages the still weightier burden of rank." We did wrong to say that JENKINS had become wholly a rebellious flunky. The middle class, which is snob enough to be interested in the private affairs of its betters, is chiefly concerned, as far as we have observed, in reports of divorce suits—the dirtier the better. Of course, our serious friends go on—it would be utterly contrary to the routine if they did not—to deplore the degeneracy of the age, of which the proof is that they not only gamble now in upper circles, but actually do it in the company of ladies—an offence of which our manlier forefathers were never guilty. Did our didactic friends ever see a not unknown work by HOGARTH called "The Lady's Last Stake," or hear of Faro's Daughters immortalized by GILLRAY, or read of the drawing-rooms of the Duchess of BEDFORD? But, indeed, if one were once set on supplying them with evidence, it would be hard to stop anywhere in the eighteenth century. The truth is that the sort of people who gamble now gambled then, more openly certainly, and perhaps with more passion. If they did not tolerate cigars—which, it seems, naughty ladies do now—they not only tolerated snuff, but snuffed themselves outrageously. Then, also, other amusements paled "their ineffectual fires before the fierce joys of the card-table." Ages may degenerate. The something which at certain times makes a people strong and eager evaporates at others; but degeneration does not affect the habits of the more part of mankind. What is least of all affected by any change is the very limited number of things called amusements, of which playing for money at games which require no great skill or judgment is one of the most universal. Wherever it is indulged in there will be cheating or accusations of cheating; and that is the moral of the whole stupid story.

A NEW ASPECT OF THE DRINK QUESTION.

DRUNKENNESS is not usually supposed to be a source of economy. On the contrary, it has been represented, not without truth, as tending to poverty, and even as inducing bankruptcy. A still worse consequence was indicated by the Irish priest, who exclaimed, "What makes you forsake the house of God? What makes you neglect your wives and children? What makes you shoot at your landlord, and miss him?" But even M. ZOLA, in that edifying work which, when put upon the English stage, was rechristened by the gallery "Let's have some more," did not suggest the development of inebriety achieved by WILLIAM LEEMAN and MARY MELBOURNE. These two persons seem to have no other mutual connexion than that they were convicted the same day of the same offence, and tendered through their counsel the same excuse. LEEMAN is a clergyman, who pleaded guilty to stealing sixteen books and two pipes from the Army and Navy Stores. The crime is a very common one, and various defences are set up for it. The prisoner did not take the things, or he

meant to return them, or he paid for them, or was just going to pay for them when rudely seized by an officious attendant. Then there is the well-known case, reported in 6 BURNARD and ANSTEY, where the culprit was walking out with a box of sardines in his hand. "He was somewhat inclined to absence of mind, which may have accounted for that; but not for the jar of preserved caviare, or the collared brawn in his hat." Then there was the Duke, long since dead, who took two slippers from a shop in the Haymarket, and whose morals were vindicated, at the expense of his intelligence, by the fact that he did not select a pair. It was obviously impossible to raise a similar plea in the case of the two pipes, and the sixteen books are not stated to have been odd volumes. The apology tendered on behalf of this reverend appropriator is dipsomania. The word surprises one in this place, and at first sight suggests a possible confusion of maladies. But even at the London Sessions, where Sir PETER EDLIN complains that he cannot be expected to know everything for fifteen hundred a year, they probably know the difference between dipsomania and kleptomania. If LEEMAN had stolen a bottle of brandy, there would have been some relation between cause and effect. Bibliomania, or kapnomania, might have accounted more easily and naturally for the books and the pipes. We are no very enthusiastic admirers of Temperance Societies and their ways. But really if indulgence is to be shown towards thieves on what may be termed alcoholic grounds, the teetotaler has at least as good a claim as the drunkard.

A prominent member of the Liberal party is credited with the remark that it ought not to be necessary to break the Seventh Commandment before you could ascertain the details of Mr. GLADSTONE's next Home Rule Bill. We cannot approve of the lesson, urged from the Bar, and sanctioned by the Bench, that the gratuitous acquisition of such desirable possessions as books and pipes ought to be specially facilitated in the case of those who wantonly abuse the gifts of Providence. LEEMAN's story might have been passed over. It is a miserable one enough. But when, immediately afterwards, in the same report of proceedings, before the same judge, we read "Mr. KERSHAW said this was another case of shop-lifting. . . . Mr. GEOGHEGAN said that in this, as in the last case, the prisoner was a 'dipsomaniac,' we must really put to the judicature of our country the question which CICERO put to CATILINE—How long is the patience of the Co-operative Association or the retail tradesman to be abused in this manner? Where are the privileges of the dipsomaniac to stop? MARY MELBOURNE stole a piece of silk from one establishment and a piece of cashmere from another. Like her clerical predecessor, she escapes prison, and goes to a Home. Perhaps the inmates of Homes for drunkards are not entitled to much consideration. Still, they are not criminals, and have some claim to exemption from contact with those who are. If the object were simply the reformation of the convicts, there is no place like a gaol for enforcing total abstinence from intoxicating drink. But that is not the sole aim of punishment. Shopkeepers are entitled to the protection of the law, which is meant to deter others from committing similar crimes. Mrs. MELBOURNE, it is said, "had no need to steal, as she had 'plenty of money.'" That, one would have thought, was an aggravation of her guilt. All rogues are not poor. Even the cynical old farmer who declared that "the poor 'in a lump' are bad would hardly have gone so far as that. As for the theory that these larcenous frequenters of big shops, where they think that their proceedings will not be observed, do not know what they are about, APELLA himself would not believe it. Their dipsomania, which only means the loss of self-control, does not lead them to give away what is their own, but always to lay hands on what is somebody else's. They are as cautious and sensitive as other thieves. Ask any shopman or shopwoman whether it is a simple thing to detect such thefts. A few sharp sentences would very soon eradicate what we may call the kleptomaniac form of dipsomania.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THERE was a lively preliminary discussion at this week's meeting of the London County Council on the question of the allocation of the money to be received from the Wine and Spirit-duties. It is amusing to note that only one or two members showed any disposition to

the heroic, or to rehearse the pleasant farce of "The Great Renunciation." "We certainly shall not refuse the money," said the Chairman. It has seldom been recorded, by the way, of private individuals or of public bodies that they have rejected "windfalls." But Mr. CHARRINGTON—that Fresh-Water Incorruptible—declared that it was nothing less than a bribe to offer the money at all to County Councils. Even Sir THOMAS FARRER had his scruples, though it does not appear that he smelt a Machiavellian plot. "Was it desirable," said the virtuous Vice-Chairman, "that they should tie up education with 'the proceeds of drink?' But when was a Chancellor of the Exchequer a guardian of morals? And worse than the evil association of the thing was the possibility of Sir THOMAS FARRER's weaker fellow-creatures taking too much drink, in order to forward the cause of technical education. These fears, however, proved to be, but for Mr. CHARRINGTON's avowal, like the poetic fears of COLERIDGE, "fears in 'solitude.'" Dr. LONGSTAFF, who claimed to be a water-man of not less endurance than Mr. CHARRINGTON, deprecated these austere views. As Chairman of the Special Committee he submitted to the meeting certain recommendations as to the application of the "windfall." With regard to the total, in round figures 160,000*l.*, the Special Committee, as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK pointed out, made no definite recommendation. What they did advise was that the estimated surplus of 23,000*l.*, over the sum of 140,000*l.* that had been placed to the credit of the general account, should be devoted to technical education, and distributed as capital grants to certain Polytechnics and other minor institutions named in their fourth recommendation. This meagre proposal, which was certainly not calculated to delight the friends of education, was met by a motion to carry the sum in question to the general county account. This amendment was carried by a majority of five. Then did Mr. BECK move, and Mr. BERESFORD HOPE second, a motion, which was negatived, to the effect that, "if in any future year"—that is, after the current financial year 1891-92—"any portion of the money derived from the Beer- and Spirit-duties shall be handed over to the London County Council, the whole sum so received should be appropriated to the advancement of technical education." This pledge the Council declined to accept, though it involves nothing but the practical endorsement of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's definition of the status and duties of the London County Council as an educational body.

Mr. BENN's successful amendment, if unintelligible in itself, is not without significance. That the Council, having accepted the money, was free to do what it liked with its own was an odd argument in the circumstances. But far more intelligible was the plea, on the ground that present duties were sufficiently numerous and expensive, for the allocation of the 23,000*l.* to the relief of the rates. In the spring, with an election nearing, the fancy of the County Council lightly turns to thoughts of the elector. Tenderly disposed towards the burdened ratepayer are Mr. BENN and his supporters. Their refusal to apply the money to the purpose for which it was intended was backed by the flimsiest pretext. Because, they insisted, the City had not done enough for technical education, the County Council should do nothing. Such was the paltry, dog-in-the-manger contention of Mr. HARRISON, which seems to have been only too persuasive. It is satisfactory to note that neither the factitious cry of "relief of the rates" nor Mr. HARRISON's figures were allowed to pass uncorrected. The former excuse is palpably ridiculous in the mouths of "progressive" members. "Advanced" Councilmen might well be directed to the example of those "wisest and most advanced cities," of which Sir JOHN LUBBOCK spoke, who had gone so far as to rate themselves in the cause of technical education. There is something supremely absurd in the invocation of ratepayers by "progressive" members. Even Sir THOMAS FARRER demanded the rejection of the recommendation "on behalf of the ratepayers." The sentiment is, indeed, touching—"in the spring," with an election in view. Sooner than further technical education one jot—to the tune, say, of 23,000*l.*—the majority would see technical education with the Needy Knife-grinder. Mr. COHEN, in his vigorous reply to Mr. HARRISON, was only too mild when he characterized Mr. HARRISON's statement on the work of the City Companies in technical education as "hardly accurate." The experience of the Council with Mr. HARRISON's unhappy "betterment" scheme certainly does not justify them in attaching any importance to his dictatorial

assumption of the position of financial adviser to the City Companies. All that Mr. HARRISON gained by his baseless attack was the testimony of Mr. COHEN and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK to the admirable work of the leading City Companies in the cause of technical education. And in so doing he will have earned the gratitude of ratepayers who may be not much better informed than himself. On his own showing, it had been more politic to magnify the work of the Companies, and show how independent it was of the miserable sum at the disposal of the County Council. By attempting to belittle that work, as Mr. BENN also did, and refusing it any assistance, he invested the amendment with an air of spite which was quite superfluous, and gave an illogical vote.

THE CANADIAN ELECTION.

FURTHER reports from Canada only confirm first impressions of the extraordinary complexity of the situation—on the surface, if not below it. Not only are both parties split by cross divisions within themselves, but the various portions of British North America are divided by local causes. The misfortunes of the unlucky Newfoundlanders pursue them everywhere. It is they who have precipitated the appeal to the electors on the Tariff question by their attempt to make a fishery treaty with the United States. Their effort has at once shown them that a promise to the Dominion is as hard to shake off as a treaty with France. They had undertaken to make no treaty with the States which did not include Canada. As soon as it was known that they were negotiating, Sir JOHN MACDONALD claimed the fulfilment of the promise, and has taken measures to enforce it by coming into the market with offers which swamp the Newfoundlanders. No wonder their wrath, which lately blazed against the mother country only, is now turned against Canada. Everything works their harm.

In Canada itself the position baffles the most intrepid prophet. Sir JOHN MACDONALD has to reconcile the most incompatible interests. He has to persuade Canadians to ask Americans for a measure of reciprocity which shall not injure Canadian manufacturers, but will leave the farmers unprotected. This of itself might not be so difficult, since Canadian farmers export largely to the States; but then the consent of Americans must be given to any such arrangement, and we have not only Mr. BLAINE's word for it, but all the probabilities of the case, to show that this consent will hardly be obtained. So it would appear that Sir JOHN MACDONALD is asking his countrymen to support what must needs be a futile policy. Then he has to maintain a rather nice balance between English and French, Protestant and Catholic. He has succeeded hitherto by judicious distributions of snubs and sops; but general excitement may make it more difficult for him to maintain his footing on the slack rope. Again, the fact that, when it suited his interests to get into office in 1878 by means of a Protectionist policy, he had little scruple in damaging the interests of the mother country, must somewhat discount the Imperialist and patriotic line he has now taken up. His course is, therefore, by no means clear. On the other hand, there are elements in the position of the Opposition leader, Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, which are equally awkward. It is true that the unrestricted reciprocity with the States which he advocates is ten times more likely to prove acceptable to Americans than the very limited measure patronized by Sir JOHN MACDONALD. The maritime provinces are understood to be eager for extended intercourse with the States, and not unwilling to sacrifice the manufacturers. On the other hand, these manufacturers are known to be willing to spend money freely for purposes of corruption, and this it is pretty generally acknowledged will have an important influence on the election. It is also much against the interests of the Opposition that unrestricted reciprocity, by sweeping away the Custom Houses on the frontier, would sacrifice a large part of the revenue of Canada. The deficit would necessarily have to be filled by direct taxation, for which all Canadians, and in particular those of the important province of Quebec, have the natural man's most intelligible hatred. It will be seen, therefore, that, as far as the election will turn upon questions of interest, the advantages and disadvantages of the parties are not unequally balanced. But the issues are further complicated by considerations of sentiment. It is this which gives the election its particular interest in England.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD is appealing vehemently to the patriotism of Canadians. Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT claims, indeed, to be as good a patriot as the Premier, but he and his party have it against them that the absolute community of commercial interest which they would establish with the States must bring Canada to within a very short step of complete union. It is believed that the prospect is very repugnant to a majority of Canadians. They have a distinct national feeling; and it may well be that, considering the insolent tone of the extreme Protectionist party in the States, they hold, like the Scots who proved recalcitrant to the Protector SOMERSET, that, whatever they might think of the match, they love not the manner of the wooing. The letter of Archbishop O'BRIEN shows that there is, at any rate, a strong patriotic feeling among the Catholics, who are a most important party in Canada. The saying that the last rifle fired in defence of the monarchical principle on the continent of America would be fired by a French Canadian was, no doubt, rhetorical; but it is believed not to be entirely empty. Sir JOHN MACDONALD has, therefore, a strong body of opinion to which to appeal. That he is making the appeal at all should of itself decide how the sympathies of England should go in this struggle. Sir JOHN is a Protectionist, but, at least, he is not in favour of differential duties directed against the mother country. There is a possibility that, if his party fails to obtain the limited reciprocity they seek, they may turn to Free-trade. But the policy of Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT must inevitably tend through differential duties against us to union with the United States.

MR. COURTNEY ON SOCIALISM.

IT is, no doubt, well that the Socialists, who are for the most part sufferers from the malady of undue seriousness, should undergo a course of treatment appropriate to their complaint. The allopathic remedy of ridicule has been tried upon many of them with negative—indeed with irritant—results; and it is quite time that gravity should have its turn of exhibition. No one is better qualified to administer to Socialism a dose of grave economic reasoning than Mr. COURTNEY. He has a thorough knowledge of the properties of the medicine, and practised skill in compounding it; and he is not apt to be tempted into deviation from the homoeopathic path of solemnity in dealing with his solemn patients. For, without entirely denying to Mr. COURTNEY a sense of humour, we may safely say that the humorous aspect of things does not obtrude itself upon him in any importunate fashion. It may fairly be presumed that it seldom costs him any effort to be serious; and that, consequently, the lecture delivered by him at University College last Wednesday evening was not so remarkable a performance for him as it might have been for others more liable to the temptations of the *esprit moqueur*. It was an excellent discourse throughout; full of shrewd reflection, sound common sense, and economic insight; it dealt in a thorough and unsparing, yet perfectly impartial, manner with the Socialistic system in its moral, industrial, and social aspect; it examined eudæmonistic pretensions alike from the material and the intellectual point of view; it discussed Socialism, in short, by the light of Socialist predictions and assumptions, from the most plausibly pseudo-rational to the most flagrantly absurd; and—there is not a smile in it from beginning to end.

We think it eminently probable, as we remarked at the outset, that this is the proper mode of treating the subject. Readers of the highly popular and dismally unromantic "romance" of the ingenious Mr. BELLAMY may here find a criticism of that author's ideal society which does not disdain to discuss *incolumi gravitate* the difficulties of the Central Bureau—or Central Brain, as Mr. COURTNEY prefers to call it—in regulating industry without markets, fixing prices without money, and performing other feats of the same kind. Let the staid Socialist ponder over a few sentences of this kind with reference to the first of the above-mentioned exploits. "In a Socialist State the Central Brain must discern the proper situation of each industry and direct it to be planted there at the peril of losing the advantage of the change. But all these alterations would bring about different relations of the quantity of labour involved in the production of different results, and some corresponding change in the relation of distribution might be expected. This repartition would be one of the greatest puzzles of

"the Central Brain." Or take, again, this analysis of the process of fixing prices without money; or, in other words, of maintaining a fixed ratio between the citizen's credit-notes and the amounts of the various necessities of life for which these notes will be "good." Such an operation might be possible, observes Mr. COURTNEY, "if all things always remained in the same relation to one another; but as the conditions of their production are and must be—what—over the organization of society—continually changing, the Brain, which we have already perhaps overweighted" (i.e. in converting it into a "Universal Labour Agency," and other little matters), "must be continually rearranging the relation of things to one another without the assistance of commerce in guiding its determinations." What would happen to the Central Brain under these conditions is but too painfully certain. A couple of medical men would soon have to be sent for to inquire into its state, and would feel even less hesitation than seems to trouble them under an individualistic system in signing the usual certificates. And we doubt whether any rational disciple of Mr. BEDLAMY—but we are relapsing into that very levity to which Socialists so strongly object, and we refrain. As the most effectual check to any such unseemly impulse, and the best atonement for having yielded to it, we will, in conclusion, refer the earnest Socialist to Mr. COURTNEY's remarks on the literary and artistic aspect of Socialism, from which they will see that his gravity does not for a moment desert him even in examining the question whether under the Socialist system art and letters might be expected to flourish. In other words, Mr. COURTNEY is equal to the feat of considering with inflexible solemnity whether the city of *Looking Backward* is a city which fully satisfies the literary and artistic ideal. And if that is not being solemn enough for the whole Fabian Society, they must indeed be hard to please.

COUNT D'HAUSSONVILLE.

THE speech which Count D'HAUSSONVILLE has just delivered in Nîmes is melancholy reading. It makes any just-minded man sympathize with the speaker, and all the class of Frenchmen of whom he is an excellent representative—and then, withal, it shows how utterly hopeless their position is. We should imagine that the only persons in France, outside of the very loyal Royalists, who enjoy reading it are M. CLÉMENTEAU and other Republicans of his stamp. M. D'HAUSSONVILLE set himself to deliver a Royalist protest against the last Republican addresses of Cardinal LAVIGERIE and M. PLOU. His manner of going to work was noteworthy. As his starting point he laid it down as a self-evident proposition that these conversions of Conservatives to the Republican Government cannot be genuine. He politely acknowledged that they may be honest in this sense, that the converts do not clearly realize their own motives. They think they have accepted the Republic as necessary, and by conviction, but the truth is that they are only desperate for the time being. If ever the hope of a monarchical restoration revives, their monarchical principles will revive with it. This is precisely what M. CLÉMENTEAU said in the Chamber during the *Thermidor* debate in a more brutal form; and this is what Opportunists and Radicals are for ever saying when Republicans are asked to support a more extreme policy than they like. If you join with the Conservatives, is their habitual argument, to defend the Church or for any other purpose, you are helping the enemies of the existing form of Government, men who are really aiming, whatever they say, at a counter-revolution, and another unsettlement of the nation. If they come among us, it is to betray us. This distrust is one of the causes which have hitherto made it impossible for the Conservatives to exercise any influence on the Republic. When M. D'HAUSSONVILLE goes on to denounce the "compromissions" to which so many Conservatives have condescended for mere tactical purposes, he will have the sympathy of every man who has any regard for dignity or honesty. Also, we can heartily say ditto to him when he lays it down that no man who believes in the monarchical principle can honestly call himself a Republican. On this point there cannot be two opinions. If Cardinal LAVIGERIE and M. PLOU are, indeed, still at heart Monarchists, it must be acknowledged that they are playing an equivocal and a shabby part. Count D'HAUSSONVILLE did not say, but he did very plainly imply, that in his opinion "compromissions" of this kind have been the ruin

of the Royalist party, and that an open policy would be not only more honourable, but more advantageous.

This language is frank and respectable, and one may perfectly agree with it, when it is considered merely as an academic declaration of principles of conduct. But political speeches cannot be treated as merely "in the air." They must be taken with the circumstances of the case and the acts of the man who delivers them. Now there is one event in Count D'HAUSSONVILLE's life which has supplied M. PLOU with a crushing answer. He was a member of the majority of the Constituent Chamber which voted for the Republic. He therefore helped to give France the very form of government which he now declares no Frenchman who has been a Royalist can sincerely recognize. Now, we can have no desire to make a point against Count D'HAUSSONVILLE, and we are not unaware of the really very difficult position in which the Royalist majority of the Chamber was put by its chiefs. Still, let the excuses be what they may, there is the fact that this vote was the *gran rifiuto* of the Royalist party in France. If they plead that it was forced on them, they still confess that the Republic was an inevitable necessity. Whatever it was or is, it was established by the act of the Royalists, in the hope that they could upset it, no doubt, and with the firm intention of doing so, but by them. With that fact recorded against them, the chiefs of the Royalists talk of austere devotion to principle with a very bad grace, and they can have no right to blame other Frenchmen for accepting the form of Government which they themselves set up. If they plead that the Republic has become Radical and anti-Clerical, they are still open to the damaging answer that the way for the Radical victory was prepared by the successive dismissal of M. THIERS and M. JULES SIMON—both the deliberate acts of the Royalist and Bonapartist Conservatives. Whether a Royalist restoration might have been brought about if the Comte DE CHAMBORD had been less visionary, his cousins more manly, and the whole management of the party more intelligent, is an interesting matter of speculation. But the facts are that the present Republic was first set up and then kept up by the Royalists. It is, therefore, not at all wonderful that among the younger members of Royalist families a good few should be beginning to ask themselves whether, considering that as long as they remain the enemies of the Republic they are likely to be powerless, it would not be better to accept the Government their fathers made for them and form a Conservative party in it.

MR. GLADSTONE ON FREE LIBRARIES.

IN the genial speech in which Mr. W. H. SMITH moved a vote of thanks to Mr. GLADSTONE for his address at the opening of the Free Library in St. Martin's Lane, the member for the Strand Division pleasantly disclaimed the adoption of a critical attitude in listening to Mr. GLADSTONE's observations. The remark, however, has a wider application than it derives from the peculiar relations subsisting between the two speakers. It is not only when the member for a constituency has to welcome a distinguished opponent who has come to preside at a local function of a non-political character that criticism is, and is rightly, forborne. The same forbearance is usually observed—as, indeed, it would be ungracious not to observe it—on the occasion of all such ceremonies as that to which Mr. GLADSTONE lent mark by his presence and interest by his speech of Thursday last. An orator of much less eminence would be permitted to say a good deal on the subject of Free Libraries at the opening of one of these institutions without provoking even a hint of disagreement from any of his hearers, to however many statements which some of them regarded as more than doubtful he might commit himself. Even the sourest of critics would feel that this at any rate was not the moment for striking a note of discord. To do so would be as ill-conditioned as to descant on the profound uncertainty of matrimonial venture in proposing "the health of the bride and bridegroom." When the ratepayers of a town, or a parish, or some other local division, have established their free library and are about to open it with all due pomp and circumstance, and with a roar from some (if possible, literary) lion, you cannot in common politeness do less than wish them good luck. The locality has for better or worse united itself with that "intense" young woman, Popular Culture; and to speculate doubtfully on the prudence of the husband in settling so large a dowry on his wife would be extremely bad taste at a moment when

you ought to be thinking of nothing but the slipper and the rice.

There are not, of course, the same obligations to reticence a few days after the ceremony; but even then one might still prefer good wishes to criticism. Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, moreover, was the reverse of what he would himself have called a "challenging" one. Indeed it escaped the contentious by taking refuge in many places; and what safer, nay, what other, asylum is there for a speaker on these subjects?—in the platitudinous. His remarks, for instance, about the humanization of manners which has concurred with the spread of education and the enlarged access to books have been anticipated in the line quoted by Colonel NEWCOMBE, with what a scholar of his period described, in speaking of an adversary, as a "zeal which sometimes led him to overstep the limits of the Latin Syntax." All that can be said on that point has been emphatically put in the couplet which concludes with that startling pentameter, "Emollunt mores nec sinuisse feros." But that, of course, is only one side of the question, and even on this side of it it is doubtful whether Mr. GLADSTONE did not go beyond his brief a little in talking of the "brutal pastimes of two hundred years ago," as though education alone had tended to abolish them. The doubt about Free Libraries is whether the kind of reading which the Free Library facilitates, and the kind of intellectual habit which it encourages, do or do not bring with them disadvantages more than sufficient to compensate for—but no! The happy event is still fresh, and we forbear.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

IF advertisements are the milestones of social progress and prosperity, the signs, or sky-signs, of the times are distinctly favourable. Soap, mustard, and penny journalism figure conspicuously. Cleanliness, as we know, comes next to godliness; and a growing demand for mustard must mean an abundance of meat. As for cheap journalism, it is a gratifying indication of the wide diffusion of the intellectual light which throws Price's patent candles into shadow. But, talking of the radiance of the rising sun over the rosy waves which proclaims the excellence of those candles, we are reminded of the recent *naissance* or renaissance of the art of mural decoration. The virtuosos of the classical pontificate of the sixth Alexander congratulated themselves on the discovery of the "grotesques" which had embellished the *salons* of the Romans of the Empire. But the Roman mural art was the privilege of the few, whereas nowadays it is the profit of the few and the pleasure of the many. Those who run may read, and are tempted to loiter. We while away the weary time while we are delayed at suburban railway stations by the study of a picturesque contemporary literature, and even on the rocks overhanging the cataracts of Niagara the vendor of patent medicines sets forth the virtues of his wares. Possibly the school of advertising by fresco and cartoon may be still in its infancy, although already it sometimes soars to sublimity and sometimes is characterized by chaste austerity. We see the muscles of herculean men and of weight-carrying Amazons modelled after the masterpieces of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and a Leonardo or a Holman Hunt might have been proud of the wasp-waisted maidens in garb of sage-green sipping their cups of our tea at one and ninepence. But, at all events, advertising furnishes occupation and wages to a variety of deserving individuals who are fighting the battle of life. The artist who is neglected by the dealers and cold-shouldered by the Academicians has a new and tolerably remunerative resource. He addresses himself to a wider circle of patrons than either Leighton or Millais. The carver and gilder, the carpenter, the curious worker in metal, though he may not pretend to the genius of a Quentin Matsys, are all called into request. The old-fashioned bill-sticker, with his satchel and paste-pot, may still survive; but his days are numbered, like those of the lamp-lighter, who is doomed to disappear in the radiance of electricity. And then, to descend to the lower grades, modern advertising gives casual employment to the peripatetic sandwich-men, who lie grovelling at the bottom of the social staircase.

We confess we should be more inclined to pity those poor fellows did we not remember that all *bien-être* is comparative. We are ready to read the most pathetic romances in their livid faces and quivering lips. At least nineteen out of twenty seem to be qualifying for the wards of an hospital for incurables. We dare to say that they are often racked by pain and a prey to divers chronic diseases. In easier circumstances they could take to cough mixtures and cod-liver oil, and look forward to the daily visit of the doctor. The physiognomist might trace in their faces the finger-writing of vice, and the moralist might declare without a shadow of hesitation that they are paying the penalty of their follies. But if we are all to suffer for our sins, who would escape scourging? In a nipping winter day we shudder to think how sadly these scapegoats have fallen out of luck. They face the piercing winds in the light and uncompromising paletot of a couple of emblazoned boards, and it is happy for them, as they

parade the gutters in broken boots, that the winds from any quarter blow along the narrow streets instead of cutting across them. Men who have always been outrunning the constable, and have left him long years behind—who may have formerly belonged to fashionable clubs in St. James's—now have their social gatherings for light lunches and dinners beneath the cool arches of the railway bridges. We pity them, and yet we know they might have been much worse off before advertising had become one of the fine arts, and while legislation was but slightly tinctured by humanity. In former days the rogue, the debtor, and the dissipated vagabond had to choose between crime and starvation. Crime was a pretty certain road to the gallows, and to the poor debtor, and sometimes to the poor criminal, starvation often came slowly but surely, without any possibility of his helping himself. Shut up in Newgate, without the means of giving "garnish," he was at the mercy of the gaoler, who had the key of an *oubliette*, and served out the pittance of bread and water. There was no certainty that a coroner with his jurors and inquest would call the tyrant of the dungeons over the coals. Nor is there anything more touching in the social history of the past than the thought of the alms dish or the basket inscribed "Remember the poor debtors" that used to be let down from a window in the Marshalsea or the Fleet. It meant that there were a lot of wretches within who were absolutely dependent on casual charity for the possibility of keeping body and soul together. Shylock might have sneered at the Christian land which put the victim of misfortune under lock and key, and then denied him daily sustenance. Now, if the worst comes to the worst, the insolvent can go to the relieving officer or turn sandwichman.

In countries professing to be civilized, that are generations more or less behind, similar abuses still prevail. Though the Italians are brutal to the brutes, they are generally sympathetic enough with their fellow-creatures. The charity of the convents used to breed beggars wholesale; yet in Sicilian towns, in Calabria, and even at Castellamare, within an easy carriage drive of luxurious Naples, we have seen the prisoners crowding to the open gratings of their common cell, appealing piteously to the passers-by for food or the means of buying it. We believe that a beggarly allowance of coarse loaves was distributed by corrupt and irresponsible turnkeys. When a brigand was temporarily laid by the legs, he took things hopefully like a sage philosopher. His friends brought him goat's flesh, wine, and cigars, till they came to an understanding with his venal guardians as to the terms on which he might have the key of the hills. But the decent citizen or devout peasant who might have been "run in" upon bare suspicion could not bribe, and so had to eke out the prison fare by the bounty of the public and the robber, who probably was ready enough to share with him. In the Spanish penal settlements at Ceuta the day's provisions used to be flung "promiscuously" to a mixed mob of ruffianly rascality; the strongest took the lion's share, and the weakest went to the wall, as at the Pool of Bethesda. In the adjacent Morocco, and in many other Oriental countries, they manage matters in most of the provincial prisons still more economically. There also they leave the prisoners to the beneficence of the charitable—for does not the Prophet enjoin almsgiving as a passport to Paradise and its Houris?—and they dispense with the necessity for locks and guards by a regular application of the bastinado. So, as the hymn says of the happy Christian child, our sandwich-men, though they may be sadly out of luck, have still a good deal to be grateful for.

And, after all, to social failures, with ill-regulated minds, more respectable and more regularly paid pursuits might have fewer attractions. Between the Bank and the South Kensington Museum, between the pedestrians and the carriage-folk, between the shop-windows and the elevated knife-boards of the 'buses, the sandwichmen see life in all its conditions. They may be bullied by the police, and they may be martyred by "the rheumatics," but they can seldom be bored. On the other hand, there are well-paid but solitary lives which the sociable can hardly contemplate without an involuntary shudder. It was all very well for old Mr. Weller's misanthrope, who betook himself to a 'pike in his disappointed maturity and revenged himself on society by levying tolls. He observed the frequent transits of the flying coaches; he dribbled out doubtful change to impatient customers, who cursed him; and he had the satisfaction of keeping belated travellers waiting in the cold and the dark when he had closed the gate and turned in for the night. But can we conceive anything more dismally monotonous than the life at cross-purposes of the lonely man who takes charge of a rolling lightship, or mounts guard in an isolated lighthouse? He must keep awake at night to see to the radiance of his reflectors, under the penalty of a conviction for manslaughter on a charge of criminal neglect. He spends his leisure working time in scouring and polishing, which may expand his chest and keep his arms in exercise. But in the lighthouse, at least, he cannot even stretch his legs, unless he goes in for a voluntary treadmill, and keeps grinding up and down the spiral stairs. Always before his aching eyes stretch the same weary skies, the same unchanging ocean. Always the same oppressive sense of his isolation; with the knowledge that sickness simultaneously with storm may prostrate him without the possibility of succour. His distractions are the moonlight flights of migrants, when the suicide of snipes and woodcocks, dashing themselves against his glasses, may replenish his larder; and his amusement is taming the terns and the gulls, which he

"the Central Brain." Or take, again, this analysis of the process of fixing prices without money; or, in other words, of maintaining a fixed ratio between the citizen's credit-notes and the amounts of the various necessities of life for which these notes will be "good." Such an operation might be possible, observes Mr. COURTNEY, "if all things always remained in the same relation to one another; but as the conditions of their production are and must be—what ever the organization of society—continually changing, the Brain, which we have already perhaps overweighted" (i.e. in converting it into a "Universal Labour Agency," and other little matters), "must be continually rearranging the relation of things to one another without the assistance of commerce in guiding its determinations." What would happen to the Central Brain under these conditions is but too painfully certain. A couple of medical men would soon have to be sent for to inquire into its state, and would feel even less hesitation than seems to trouble them under an individualistic system in signing the usual certificates. And we doubt whether any rational disciple of Mr. BEDLAMY—but we are relapsing into that very levity to which Socialists so strongly object, and we refrain. As the most effectual check to any such unseemly impulse, and the best atonement for having yielded to it, we will, in conclusion, refer the earnest Socialist to Mr. COURTNEY's remarks on the literary and artistic aspect of Socialism, from which they will see that his gravity does not for a moment desert him even in examining the question whether under the Socialist system art and letters might be expected to flourish. In other words, Mr. COURTNEY is equal to the feat of considering with inflexible solemnity whether the city of *Looking Backward* is a city which fully satisfies the literary and artistic ideal. And if that is not being solemn enough for the whole Fabian Society, they must indeed be hard to please.

COUNT D'HAUSSONVILLE.

THE speech which Count D'HAUSSONVILLE has just delivered in Nîmes is melancholy reading. It makes any just-minded man sympathize with the speaker, and all the class of Frenchmen of whom he is an excellent representative—and then, withal, it shows how utterly hopeless their position is. We should imagine that the only persons in France, outside of the very loyal Royalists, who enjoy reading it are M. CLÉMENTEAU and other Republicans of his stamp. M. D'HAUSSONVILLE set himself to deliver a Royalist protest against the last Republican addresses of Cardinal LAVIGERIE and M. PLOU. His manner of going to work was noteworthy. As his starting point he laid it down as a self-evident proposition that these conversions of Conservatives to the Republican Government cannot be genuine. He politely acknowledged that they may be honest in this sense, that the converts do not clearly realize their own motives. They think they have accepted the Republic as necessary, and by conviction, but the truth is that they are only desperate for the time being. If ever the hope of a monarchical restoration revives, their monarchical principles will revive with it. This is precisely what M. CLÉMENTEAU said in the Chamber during the *Thermidor* debate in a more brutal form; and this is what Opportunists and Radicals are for ever saying when Republicans are asked to support a more extreme policy than they like. If you join with the Conservatives, is their habitual argument, to defend the Church or for any other purpose, you are helping the enemies of the existing form of Government, men who are really aiming, whatever they say, at a counter-revolution, and another unsettlement of the nation. If they come among us, it is to betray us. This distrust is one of the causes which have hitherto made it impossible for the Conservatives to exercise any influence on the Republic. When M. D'HAUSSONVILLE goes on to denounce the "compromissions" to which so many Conservatives have condescended for mere tactical purposes, he will have the sympathy of every man who has any regard for dignity or honesty. Also, we can heartily say ditto to him when he lays it down that no man who believes in the monarchical principle can honestly call himself a Republican. On this point there cannot be two opinions. If Cardinal LAVIGERIE and M. PLOU are, indeed, still at heart Monarchists, it must be acknowledged that they are playing an equivocal and a shabby part. Count D'HAUSSONVILLE did not say, but he did very plainly imply, that in his opinion "compromissions" of this kind have been the ruin

of the Royalist party, and that an open policy would be not only more honourable, but more advantageous.

This language is frank and respectable, and one may perfectly agree with it, when it is considered merely as an academic declaration of principles of conduct. But political speeches cannot be treated as merely "in the air." They must be taken with the circumstances of the case and the acts of the man who delivers them. Now there is one event in Count D'HAUSSONVILLE's life which has supplied M. PLOU with a crushing answer. He was a member of the majority of the Constituent Chamber which voted for the Republic. He therefore helped to give France the very form of government which he now declares no Frenchman who has been a Royalist can sincerely recognize. Now, we can have no desire to make a point against Count D'HAUSSONVILLE, and we are not unaware of the really very difficult position in which the Royalist majority of the Chamber was put by its chiefs. Still, let the excuses be what they may, there is the fact that this vote was the *gran rifiuto* of the Royalist party in France. If they plead that it was forced on them, they still confess that the Republic was an inevitable necessity. Whatever it was or is, it was established by the act of the Royalists, in the hope that they could upset it, no doubt, and with the firm intention of doing so, but by them. With that fact recorded against them, the chiefs of the Royalists talk of austere devotion to principle with a very bad grace, and they can have no right to blame other Frenchmen for accepting the form of Government which they themselves set up. If they plead that the Republic has become Radical and anti-Clerical, they are still open to the damaging answer that the way for the Radical victory was prepared by the successive dismissal of M. THIERS and M. JULES SIMON—both the deliberate acts of the Royalist and Bonapartist Conservatives. Whether a Royalist restoration might have been brought about if the Comte DE CHAMBORD had been less visionary, his cousins more manly, and the whole management of the party more intelligent, is an interesting matter of speculation. But the facts are that the present Republic was first set up and then kept up by the Royalists. It is, therefore, not at all wonderful that among the younger members of Royalist families a good few should be beginning to ask themselves whether, considering that as long as they remain the enemies of the Republic they are likely to be powerless, it would not be better to accept the Government their fathers made for them and form a Conservative party in it.

MR. GLADSTONE ON FREE LIBRARIES.

IN the genial speech in which Mr. W. H. SMITH moved a vote of thanks to Mr. GLADSTONE for his address at the opening of the Free Library in St. Martin's Lane, the member for the Strand Division pleasantly disclaimed the adoption of a critical attitude in listening to Mr. GLADSTONE's observations. The remark, however, has a wider application than it derives from the peculiar relations subsisting between the two speakers. It is not only when the member for a constituency has to welcome a distinguished opponent who has come to preside at a local function of a non-political character that criticism is, and is rightly, forborne. The same forbearance is usually observed—as, indeed, it would be ungracious not to observe it—on the occasion of all such ceremonies as that to which Mr. GLADSTONE lent mark by his presence and interest by his speech of Thursday last. An orator of much less eminence would be permitted to say a good deal on the subject of Free Libraries at the opening of one of these institutions without provoking even a hint of disagreement from any of his hearers, to however many statements which some of them regarded as more than doubtful he might commit himself. Even the sourest of critics would feel that this at any rate was not the moment for striking a note of discord. To do so would be as ill-conditioned as to descant on the profound uncertainty of matrimonial venture in proposing "the health of the bride and bridegroom." When the ratepayers of a town, or a parish, or some other local division, have established their free library and are about to open it with all due pomp and circumstance, and with a roar from some (if possible, literary) lion, you cannot in common politeness do less than wish them good luck. The locality has for better or worse united itself with that "intense" young woman, Popular Culture; and to speculate doubtfully on the prudence of the husband in settling so large a dowry on his wife would be extremely bad taste at a moment when

you ought to be thinking of nothing but the slipper and the rice.

There are not, of course, the same obligations to reticence a few days after the ceremony; but even then one might still prefer good wishes to criticism. Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, moreover, was the reverse of what he would himself have called a "challenging" one. Indeed it escaped the contentious by taking refuge in many places; and what safer, nay, what other, asylum is there for a speaker on these subjects?—in the platitudinous. His remarks, for instance, about the humanization of manners which has concurred with the spread of education and the enlarged access to books have been anticipated in the line quoted by Colonel NEWCOME, with what a scholar of his period described, in speaking of an adversary, as a "zeal which sometimes led him to overstep the limits of the Latin Syntax." All that can be said on that point has been emphatically put in the couplet which concludes with that startling pentameter, "*Emollunt mores nec sinuisse feros.*" But that, of course, is only one side of the question, and even on this side of it it is doubtful whether Mr. GLADSTONE did not go beyond his brief a little in talking of the "brutal pastimes of two hundred years ago," as though education alone had tended to abolish them. The doubt about Free Libraries is whether the kind of reading which the Free Library facilitates, and the kind of intellectual habit which it encourages, do or do not bring with them disadvantages more than sufficient to compensate for—but no! The happy event is still fresh, and we forbear.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

IF advertisements are the milestones of social progress and prosperity, the signs, or sky-signs, of the times are distinctly favourable. Soap, mustard, and penny journalism figure conspicuously. Cleanliness, as we know, comes next to godliness; and a growing demand for mustard must mean an abundance of meat. As for cheap journalism, it is a gratifying indication of the wide diffusion of the intellectual light which throws Price's patent candles into shadow. But, talking of the radiance of the rising sun over the rosy waves which proclaims the excellence of those candles, we are reminded of the recent *naissance* or *renaissance* of the art of mural decoration. The virtuosos of the classical pontificate of the sixth Alexander congratulated themselves on the discovery of the "grotesques" which had embellished the *salons* of the Romans of the Empire. But the Roman mural art was the privilege of the few, whereas nowadays it is the profit of the few and the pleasure of the many. Those who run may read, and are tempted to loiter. We while away the weary time while we are delayed at suburban railway stations by the study of a picturesque contemporary literature, and even on the rocks overhanging the cataracts of Niagara the vendor of patent medicines sets forth the virtues of his wares. Possibly the school of advertising by fresco and cartoon may be still in its infancy, although already it sometimes soars to sublimity and sometimes is characterized by chaste austerity. We see the muscles of herculean men and of weight-carrying Amazons modelled after the masterpieces of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and a Leonardo or a Holman Hunt might have been proud of the wasp-waisted maidens in garb of sage-green sipping their cups of our tea at one and ninepence. But, at all events, advertising furnishes occupation and wages to a variety of deserving individuals who are fighting the battle of life. The artist who is neglected by the dealers and cold-shouldered by the Academicians has a new and tolerably remunerative resource. He addresses himself to a wider circle of patrons than either Leighton or Millais. The carver and gilder, the carpenter, the curious worker in metal, though he may not pretend to the genius of a Quentin Matsys, are all called into request. The old-fashioned bill-sticker, with his satchel and paste-pot, may still survive; but his days are numbered, like those of the lamp-lighter, who is doomed to disappear in the radiance of electricity. And then, to descend to the lower grades, modern advertising gives casual employment to the peripatetic sandwich-men, who lie grovelling at the bottom of the social staircase.

We confess we should be more inclined to pity those poor fellows did we not remember that all *bien-être* is comparative. We are ready to read the most pathetic romances in their livid faces and quivering lips. At least nineteen out of twenty seem to be qualifying for the wards of an hospital for incurables. We dare to say that they are often racked by pain and a prey to divers chronic diseases. In easier circumstances they could take to cough mixtures and cod-liver oil, and look forward to the daily visit of the doctor. The physiognomist might trace in their faces the finger-writing of vice, and the moralist might declare without a shadow of hesitation that they are paying the penalty of their follies. But if we are all to suffer for our sins, who would escape scourging? In a nipping winter day we shudder to think how sadly these scapegoats have fallen out of luck. They face the piercing winds in the light and uncompromising piletot of a couple of emblazoned boards, and it is happy for them, as they

parade the gutters in broken boots, that the winds from any quarter blow along the narrow streets instead of cutting across them. Men who have always been outrunning the constable, and have left him long years behind—who may have formerly belonged to fashionable clubs in St. James's—now have their social gatherings for light lunches and dinners beneath the cool arches of the railway bridges. We pity them, and yet we know they might have been much worse off before advertising had become one of the fine arts, and while legislation was but slightly tinctured by humanity. In former days the rogue, the debtor, and the dissipated vagabond had to choose between crime and starvation. Crime was a pretty certain road to the gallows, and to the poor debtor, and sometimes to the poor criminal, starvation often came slowly but surely, without any possibility of his helping himself. Shut up in Newgate, without the means of giving "garnish," he was at the mercy of the gaoler, who had the key of an *oubliette*, and served out the pittance of bread and water. There was no certainty that a coroner with his jurors and inquest would call the tyrant of the dungeons over the coals. Nor is there anything more touching in the social history of the past than the thought of the alms dish or the basket inscribed "Remember the poor debtors" that used to be let down from a window in the Marshalsea or the Fleet. It meant that there were a lot of wretches within who were absolutely dependent on casual charity for the possibility of keeping body and soul together. Shylock might have sneered at the Christian land which put the victim of misfortune under lock and key, and then denied him daily sustenance. Now, if the worst comes to the worst, the insolvent can go to the relieving officer or turn sandwichman.

In countries professing to be civilized, that are generations more or less behind, similar abuses still prevail. Though the Italians are brutal to the brutes, they are generally sympathetic enough with their fellow-creatures. The charity of the convents used to breed beggars wholesale; yet in Sicilian towns, in Calabria, and even at Castellamare, within an easy carriage drive of luxurious Naples, we have seen the prisoners crowding to the open gratings of their common cell, appealing piteously to the passers-by for food or the means of buying it. We believe that a beggarly allowance of coarse loaves was distributed by corrupt and irresponsible turnkeys. When a brigand was temporarily laid by the legs, he took things hopefully like a sage philosopher. His friends brought him goat's flesh, wine, and cigars, till they came to an understanding with his venal guardians as to the terms on which he might have the key of the hills. But the decent citizen or devout peasant who might have been "run in" upon bare suspicion could not bribe, and so had to eke out the prison fare by the bounty of the public and the robber, who probably was ready enough to share with him. In the Spanish penal settlements at Ceuta the day's provisions used to be flung "promiscuously" to a mixed mob of ruffianly rascality; the strongest took the lion's share, and the weakest went to the wall, as at the Pool of Bethesda. In the adjacent Morocco, and in many other Oriental countries, they manage matters in most of the provincial prisons still more economically. There also they leave the prisoners to the beneficence of the charitable—for does not the Prophet enjoin almsgiving as a passport to Paradise and its Houris?—and they dispense with the necessity for locks and guards by a regular application of the bastinado. So, as the hymn says of the happy Christian child, our sandwich-men, though they may be sadly out of luck, have still a good deal to be grateful for.

And, after all, to social failures, with ill-regulated minds, more respectable and more regularly paid pursuits might have fewer attractions. Between the Bank and the South Kensington Museum, between the pedestrians and the carriage-folk, between the shop-windows and the elevated knife-boards of the buses, the sandwichmen see life in all its conditions. They may be bullied by the police, and they may be martyred by "the rheumatics," but they can seldom be bored. On the other hand, there are well-paid but solitary lives which the sociable can hardly contemplate without an involuntary shudder. It was all very well for old Mr. Weller's misanthrope, who betook himself to a pike in his disappointed maturity and revenged himself on society by levying tolls. He observed the frequent transits of the flying coaches; he dribbled out doubtful change to impatient customers, who cursed him; and he had the satisfaction of keeping belated travellers waiting in the cold and the dark when he had closed the gate and turned in for the night. But can we conceive anything more dully monotonous than the life at cross-purposes of the lonely man who takes charge of a rolling lightship, or mounts guard in an isolated lighthouse? He must keep awake at night to see to the radiance of his reflectors, under the penalty of a conviction for manslaughter on a charge of criminal neglect. He spends his leisure working time in scouring and polishing, which may expand his chest and keep his arms in exercise. But in the lighthouse, at least, he cannot even stretch his legs, unless he goes in for a voluntary treadmill, and keeps grinding up and down the spiral stairs. Always before his aching eyes stretch the same weary skies, the same unchanging ocean. Always the same oppressive sense of his isolation; with the knowledge that sickness simultaneously with storm may prostrate him without the possibility of succour. His distractions are the moonlight flights of migrants, when the suicide of snipes and woodcocks, dashing themselves against his glasses, may replenish his larder; and his amusement is taming the terns and the gulls, which he

feeds like so many barn-door fowls, if, fortunately for himself, he be a lover of animals. Now and then the happy chance of throwing away their own lives for the salvation of others may come to courageous lighthouse-keepers as a welcome excitement, as happened on the dim morning when the watchers in the storm-beaten tower off the Scilly Isles saw seven castaways clinging to the wrong side of an irreversible lifeboat, and launched a skiff to the rescue, through the surf that was breaking on the rocks. We should sooner go up the Jungfrau any day than climb the shrouds to the topgallant yards of a thousand-ton ship in a breeze. But rather than immerse ourselves in the interior of a light-tower, we would risk lying out on the slippery yards and reefing the frozen canvases of a frigate being buffeted in a hurricane off the Horn. Were it not that men think they must live, and moreover that there is no accounting for tastes, the manning of the mercantile sailing fleets would be as much of a mystery to us as the finding hands to stoke the fires in the high-pressure engine-rooms of the ocean steamers.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Board of Trade returns for the first month of the New Year are unsatisfactory. There is a falling-off both in imports and exports, and the falling-off is very general. To some extent, no doubt, this is accounted for by the strike in Scotland; but that can hardly have exercised so great an influence as to affect the country's entire foreign trade. It has been urged that the severity of the weather explains the decrease. But it is to be recollected that January 1890 was a very stormy month, so much so that the imports showed scarcely any increase on those of January 1889, and the increase in the exports was smaller than had been expected. It has been observed by the *Times* that, as the falling-off is very general, there must be special causes to account for it; ordinary people would be inclined to think that the very general nature of the decrease points to general causes. And we fear that that is the real explanation; that, in fact, our trade has received a check. The value of the imports last month was 33,741,082*l.*, being a falling-off of 4,402,768*l.*, or a little over 11½ per cent. Except in Chemicals, Oils, and Parcel Post the decrease is general. It is largest, however, in the raw materials for manufactures. The total value of the raw materials was 12,822,239*l.*, being a falling-off of 1½ million sterling, or about 13½ per cent. The greatest decrease is in wool, amounting to nearly 22½ millions of lbs. There is a falling-off also in alpaca, goat's wool, and woollen rags; in flax, hemp, and jute, and some falling-off in silk. On the other hand, there is an increase in raw cotton. It is true that the imports of wool in January 1890 were very large; but the falling-off last month was still larger, so that both in quantity and value the imports last month were smaller than in January 1889. There is a large falling-off likewise in articles of food, chiefly wheat, wheatmeal, and barley. There is some falling-off in tobacco; there is a very considerable falling-off in metals, and a large decrease both in manufactured and miscellaneous articles. Turning now to the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures, we find the total value last month to have been 19,834,315*l.*, a decrease of a little over 1½ million sterling, or about 8½ per cent. Except in chemicals the falling-off is general. It is largest in yarns and textile fabrics—woollens of all kinds, linen, and cotton. There is also a large falling-off in metals, and articles manufactured therefrom, and in machinery. There is a considerable falling-off in articles of food and drink, in raw materials, especially coals, and in "all other articles."

There can be little doubt, we fear, that the main cause of the decline in our foreign trade last month was the shock given to credit by the crisis of November last. It will be recollected that the liquidation of Messrs. Baring Brothers made it very difficult to discount bills drawn upon London abroad, and consequently for a while the import trade was seriously disturbed. Gradually, no doubt, facilities will be found by persons engaged in the trade. But it would appear that altogether they have not yet obtained the accommodation to which they were accustomed. Very naturally other accepting houses in London wished to keep down the amount of acceptances out against them; and the new house of Baring Brothers has not taken up the whole of the old business. Further, it is to be recollected that the crisis caused serious stringency in the money market at home, while immediately afterwards there was even more serious stringency in New York, and a disturbance of the money market must more or less have thrown all branches of industry out of gear. Lastly, the breakdown in South America and the liquidation through which Germany is passing have affected the power of some of our largest customers to purchase from us. Germany, Holland, Belgium, and some other countries of the Continent have taken less coal than in the corresponding month of last year. Twelve months ago the coal and iron trades in Germany were very active, and prices had been run up so that it was profitable to import foreign coal. Now the coal and iron trades in Germany are depressed, prices have come down, and the consumptive power of the country has fallen off. In several other departments there is a decline in the German purchases. For instance, less cotton yarn was shipped last month, not only to Holland, Japan, Madras, and Bengal, but in a marked degree also to Germany. There is some falling-off likewise in the exports to the United States. The McKinley Tariff Act, it is true, has not had the effect that was generally expected, for the

elections of October have deterred capitalists from investing large sums in new factories. We find, therefore that, though the duty imposed upon tin plates has been doubled, the imports of tin plates into the United States were larger last month than in January 1890, and there is an increase in several other imports. But there is a decrease in some important items, as, for example, in cotton manufactures, in linen manufactures, in woollen and worsted manufactures, in railroad iron, and in iron hoops, sheets, &c. The Argentine Republic took more cotton piece goods than twelve months ago, but it took less linen, less woollens, less bar iron, railroad iron, and hoops; it also took less steam-engines. It is to be borne in mind that many of the old orders for the Argentine Republic have not been yet completed. But new orders have gradually fallen off, and by-and-bye it is almost certain that the decline in our exports to the Argentine Republic will increase very considerably. Our exports will also decrease to Uruguay. For the moment they are large to Brazil; but the probability seems to be that capital to carry on the present rate of new public works will not readily be found, and that, therefore, after a while, Brazilian orders will likewise decrease. Whatever weight, then, we may allow to the influence of the severe weather of last month and to the Scotch strike, it appears incontestable that trade has received a check, not only from the crisis of last November and the long-continued stringency in the money market, but also from the breakdown in the Argentine Republic and the liquidation that Germany is passing through. Another influence that cannot fail adversely to affect trade is the depression of the shipping industry. Shipbuilding continued extremely large throughout last year, because the old orders were not finished; but new orders are not coming forward, and they are very unlikely to come forward, since freights are now as low as they were at the worst period of the depression that followed the extravagant shipbuilding of 1881 to 1884. A material falling-off in shipbuilding must necessarily affect the prosperity of the coal and iron trades, and a decline in them will make itself felt in other branches of trade.

The loan from the Bank of France to the Bank of England falls due to-day, and this week the money is being remitted, 2 millions out of the 3 millions having been sent up to Wednesday night. The reduction thus being made in the Bank's reserve has, however, not had the effect upon the money market which might reasonably have been expected. There is so little demand for money in the first place, and the supply in the second place is so large, owing to the accumulation of funds in consequence of the crisis in November last. Besides, the bill-brokers and discount-houses argue that the value of money is low upon the Continent and in the United States—this week the Bank of the Netherlands has reduced its rate of discount to 3 per cent.—that there is little fear of a large gold drain, and consequently that money will remain cheap here for a long time to come. This view appears to us entirely mistaken. This week, as we see, 3 millions in gold are going from the Bank to Paris. Possibly the Russian Government may very soon take a million and a half, and as it has also very large balances in London it may even take more, while there are sure to be demands for foreign countries from time to time. To us, therefore, it seems probable that gold will continue to be taken from the Bank for months to come, and that in the autumn we shall be in as bad a position as we were last year or the year before.

The silver market has been very dull all through the week. An attempt was made in the House of Representatives to force a discussion on the Silver Bill passed by the Senate; but it was easily defeated, and the Committee to which the Senate Bill has been referred delays reporting upon it. Consequently the opinion grows that no measure will be carried this Session. As a result the price fell at the end of last week rapidly in New York. Here in London it went down on Saturday to 46*d.* per ounce. At the beginning of this week it recovered to 46½*d.*, and again fell to 46¼*d.* There is no demand for the Continent, and the Indian demand, though somewhat better than last week, is yet small. Silver securities have declined with the fall in silver.

At the Fortnightly Settlements on the Stock Exchange, which began on Monday, the banks and discount-houses lent freely at from 2½ to 3½ per cent., and inside the House the carrying-over rates were found to be exceedingly light; in many cases brokers were unable to employ the money they had got from the banks, even at the rates which they had contracted to pay. Home Railway stocks were especially scarce. In most instances a rate had to be paid for postponing delivery. On international securities rates averaged about 2 per cent., and in the American market they ranged from about 2½ to about 3½ per cent. All this points to an unusually small account open for the rise. Ever since the crisis last November operators have been diminishing their risks, and apparently they are continuing to do so. The only department in which there is any active speculation is that for gold shares. The Home Railway market, though not active, is very steady, owing to the good demand for investment and the exceptional scarcity of stock. Argentine securities have been depressed because of the hitch that has arisen in the negotiations for the resale to the Argentine Government of the Buenos Ayres drainage and waterworks. There is a hope now, however, that the negotiations will be actively resumed, and that some kind of arrangement will be arrived at.

On Friday of last week two leading brokers received telegrams purporting to be from a Paris banker, ordering the sale of large amounts of Brazilian stock. One of the brokers, finding that the market gave way on beginning the sales, telegraphed to the Paris

banker for further instructions, and was informed that no such order had been given. The other broker, however, went on selling, causing a fall of about 5 before he found out that the order was forged, and consequently involving himself in a considerable loss. It is said that the Paris police have found a clue to the forgery; but as yet no arrest has taken place, nor has the Committee here adopted the prompt measures with a view to discovery which would seem to have been imperative. The object of the forgery was, of course, to cause a fall in the market; but, the instant the sales ceased, prices recovered to what they had been before the selling began.

A correspondent writes to protest against our classing the Canadian Pacific Railway with speculative American railroads. It is true, as he points out, that the Company is paying dividends of 5 per cent.—3 per cent. out of a Government guarantee, and 2 per cent. from earnings. It is also true that the country is being rapidly developed, and that the Company's earnings are growing. But we would point out, firstly, that the so-called guarantee is not a guarantee at all; it is an annuity granted by the Government for ten years, in consideration for the payment of a capital sum. It appears to us, therefore, to be not a distribution out of earnings but a payment out of capital, and we venture to think that good management would enjoin the setting aside every year of a sufficient sum to replace the original payment to the Government. Secondly, we would observe that until a satisfactory explanation is given of the very low ratio of working expenses to gross earnings the investor proper would do well to be cautious in buying the shares. And, thirdly, we would ask our correspondent to consider what may be the effect upon the fortunes of the Company if Sir John Macdonald is defeated at the coming elections, and the Opposition come into power? Lastly, we would remind our correspondent that we were writing, not for the speculative investor, who is prepared to take risks, but for the investor pure and simple, who demands safety above everything.

Four per Cent Rupee-paper closed at 77½ on Thursday evening, showing a fall, compared with the closing price on the preceding Thursday, of 1½; and the Four and a Half, closing at 79½, shows the same fall. In the Home Railway market Caledonian Un-divided stock closed at 119, showing a fall for the week of 1; the Ordinary Preferred closed at 77, a fall of ½; and the Deferred, closing at 42½, shows a fall of ¾. On the other hand, London and North-Western closed at 179½, a rise for the week of ½; while Midland stock closed at 152½, a rise of as much as 2½. The traffic returns of the Midland Railway Company since the beginning of the year have been surprisingly large. South-Eastern "A" closed at 94½, being a rise of 3. The traffic returns on most of the lines during the past two or three weeks show handsome increases compared with the corresponding weeks of last year. Probably this is due to the termination of the Scotch strike and to better weather; but the market is evidently looking hopefully to the working of the current half-year. In the American Railroad market the movements for the most part have been downwards. There is great apathy here, and operators are more inclined to sell than to buy. And even in New York speculation is very small. Atchison shares closed on Thursday evening at 28½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. New York Central closed at 105½, a fall of ½; and Pennsylvania shares closed at 53, a fall of ¼. But Erie Preferred, closing at 55, show a rise of 4. As was to be expected, the hitch that has arisen in the negotiations for the sale to the Argentine Government of the Buenos Ayres waterworks has caused a general decline in Argentine securities, and the bad state of the country—the falling off in trade, and the distress of the population—is telling adversely upon the prices of Argentine railroad stocks. Thus Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday evening at 131½, a fall of 5 for the week; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 160½, a fall of 6; and Central Argentine closed at 86½, a fall of 4. Argentine bonds of 1886 closed at 74, a fall of 1; and Buenos Ayres Sixes closed at 67, also a fall of 1. The continuance of the insurrection has caused Chilean Four and a Half to fall 2; they closed on Thursday at 94. The South African gold share market has experienced almost a general advance. City and Suburban shares closed at 4½ on Thursday, a rise of ¼ for the week. Geldenhuis closed at 2½, a rise of ½. Stanhope closed at 3½, a rise of ¼; and Oceana Land shares closed at 5½, a rise of ½. We need hardly repeat what we have said so often, that gold-mining is one of the most precarious of all industries, and that investors, therefore, should leave the risk in it to capitalists who can afford to hazard their money.

THE WEATHER.

THE week has been calm and nearly rainless, and, with the exception of its fogs, uneventful; for we have been under the influence of the anti-cyclone mentioned last Saturday. This same anti-cyclone, however, has not been of the usual winter type, for it has brought no frost, and the air has been damp, so that at some stations even a slight drizzle has been reported. On Thursday (the 5th) the mercury touched 30·75 inches in the South of Ireland, but since that time pressure has gradually and, on the whole, steadily decreased. All the time readings over the North of Nor-

way have been very low, and two or three depressions have passed over Lapland within the Arctic Circle, but no reports of heavy gales have reached us. Meanwhile the frost over Southern Germany has been intense for the season, Munich reporting a minimum reading of 5° F. both on Sunday and Monday nights. On Tuesday night the cold was not much mitigated, for the thermometer fell to 7° F., an improvement of only two degrees. The anti-cyclone itself has undergone considerable changes in its shape and distribution. On Saturday morning it had apparently moved eastwards, and the highest readings came from East Prussia. On Sunday, however, a new system of high pressure came in from the Atlantic, and the barometers in Ireland began to rise again temporarily. In the interval between these two systems a little rain fell, amounting to 0·25 inch in the South of Ireland, and to a little less in the Hebrides, where the winds were fresh from the south-west. The fogs were locally dense on Saturday and Sunday. On the former day in London, in the early afternoon the darkness was pitchy, though the air was nearly clear. A young French friend of ours told us he was crossing London Bridge at about three o'clock and could not see the water. He professed that he liked his experience of a London fog! Before sundown, however, the pall of cloud which hung over us rolled away. Sunday gave us a fog of the orange description; but, on the whole, it was not so bad as the previous day. On Monday the anti-cyclone moved southwards, and an easterly breeze set in over Southern England, which cleared the sky. At the same time the westerly winds extended down the West coast, and on Wednesday we find a fresh westerly gale over Mayo and the Hebrides, while an area with readings below 29·0 inches lies over the northern part of Sweden. Inasmuch as no rain of consequence, except 0·83 inch at Christiansund on Monday, has accompanied these disturbances in the North, we cannot consider them serious, and we may almost congratulate ourselves on having at last experienced the fabled halcyon days of February.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT the Fine Art Society's, 148 New Bond Street, is now on view a collection of drawings in black and white by Mr. Hugh Thomson, an illustrator whose work has lately come into prominence, and has increased very rapidly in value since, some six years ago, it was first observed in the pages of the *Illustrated English Magazine*. He has owed not a little to the genius of Randolph Caldecott and the talent of Mr. Edwin Abbey, to name but two of his eminent predecessors; yet that his own talent is independent, and can speak for itself in its own tones, is now generally admitted. His illustrations to Mr. Austin Dobson's latest edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* have given Mr. Hugh Thomson a position very different from any that he held before the publication, this winter, of the volume which contained them. It is a selection of one hundred and four of the originals for this Goldsmith volume which is now exhibited at the Fine Art Society's. Carefully as the engravings were executed, we have but to compare them with these original drawings to see how much they lost in reduction and processing. An instance is "The Rescue of Sophia" (15), where in the engraving one unintelligible black dot represents the heads of Sophia and her deliverer, which are clearly distinguished in the drawing, while the various blacks and greys of the foliage, and the group of figures on the bank of the river, lack that subtlety of defined variety of shade which the original admirably supplies.

These drawings have a great charm, due in large part to their truth and simplicity. The Vicar is represented as younger and Olivia as less comely than we have commonly supposed them to be, but there is no argument to be found in the text itself which supports an opposite convention. Mr. Thomson has read the book very carefully, and almost the only case in which we have found him disobedient to it is in the exceedingly clever drawing of the "Large Historical Family Piece" (39), where the Squire is put in in top-boots and white breeches, elegantly extended at Olivia's feet, although the text particularly says that he was painted "in the character of Alexander the Great." Amongst those drawings which most completely, to our mind, render the sentiment and humour of Goldsmith, we must mention "At which Jest" (96), the two Miss Flamboroughs in fits of mirth at the tender unconsciousness of Moses; Mr. Burchell saving Sophia when the ruffian "with oaths and menaces drew his sword" (97), an example of the great superiority of the original drawings over the engravings; Thornhill approaching "with a careless, superior air" (25); and Moses, returned with the gross of green spectacles, saying, "Dear Mother, why won't you listen to reason?" (58). Mr. Thomson's plain, central-English landscapes are full of delicate observation; nothing could be more admirable of its kind than the avenue of poplars in "I played one of my most merry tunes" (71), or than the scene through which a happy and simple-minded Moses is galloping to the fair (54). If we were to give any counsel to Mr. Thomson, it would be to study with more and more care the living model. His figures look as though he were better acquainted with the picturesque appearance of persons in clothes than learned in study of the nude. The articulations of his figures are often a little doll-like, although their general air is so humorous and pretty; but his improvement, even in this respect, has been so rapid that we expect this difficulty to be soon overcome.

At the Fine Art Society's there is also now open an exhibition

of one hundred and fifty drawings in colours by Miss Kate Greenaway. There could be no more piquant contrast than between the delicate and highly-mannered convention of this lady and the simple realism of the artist with whom we have just been dealing. Miss Greenaway, as an inventor of a new form of art, which has received the, for English forms of art, extraordinary triumph of captivating and being imitated slavishly by Frenchmen, deserves all the praise and popularity which she receives, and these exquisite little costume-compositions will be widely appreciated. She is all grace and repose, as Mr. Thomson is all activity and robustness. There is a pensive gentleness in the faces of her demure little boys and dainty little girls, who hover like moths about the honeysuckle porches of her trim cottages. The big eyes and tiny mouths of these children, their round faces, down which crystal tears occasionally trickle, are calm and sweet rather than joyous; there is no romping in Miss Greenaway's pretty world, and even in the merriest games the people of it have the gravity of childhood.

The exhibition consists of the original designs for Miss Greenaway's various nursery-books, many of them wreathed in garlands of characteristic English flowers, poses of pink peonies, chains of roses, tall tiger lilies, or delicate framing lines of slim-stalked buttercups, the artist's love for and knowledge of flowers being one of her leading characteristics. If Miss Greenaway's little figures were all sorted out and arranged in rows, it is thus that they would appear. On the front bench, a very low one, would be seen the solidest, plumpiest, and cleanest of babies, many of them dressed in large-brimmed hats with plumes; the next row would consist of grave little girls and earnest-minded boys of tender years; above these a bench of very slim and rather listless maidens in scanty skirts; and beyond those, also, an army of delicate and anxious mammas. When one of these frail mammas is seen carrying one of the substantial babies the contrast of physique is almost distressing.

The old-world atmosphere which hangs about Miss Greenaway's conceptions of child-life is attractively conventional. Her dense, clipped yews form most effective backgrounds. Her groups of slim girls clad in pale tints, surrounded by tall flowers as frail and fresh as themselves, or of coy tiny couples trotting through gardens, holding solemn converse together, are bewitching. But where Miss Greenaway seems to us wholly to fail is when she attempts to fill in her refined outlines with definite colour, as in the more ambitious water-colour compositions in the present exhibition. Here her magic seems to fail her, and her work becomes flat and commonplace.

At Messrs. Agnew and Sons' Galleries, 39 Old Bond Street, a collection of drawings is now opened. This forms the third exhibition now before the public in which the works of our old masters of water-colour are given special prominence. We confess that we fear this may rather strain the loyalty of some of those who, while they admit and delight in the distinction of early English water-colour painting, conceive that other forms of art exist. Between three and four hundred specimens are shown at Messrs. Agnew's, and it is not unfair to say that a very large proportion of these must, from the hour of their execution, have been merely "pot-boilers" of secondary value. Copley Fielding is the old master who is best represented; no less than nine of his drawings, some of them important in size, are hung in this gallery. The large "Rivaulx Abbey" (26) is pale and conventional; but "South Downs" (42), although this drawing, which belongs to the year 1848, shows signs of fatigue, is very fine, with its broad lines of misty distance. A very beautiful drawing, dated 1830, is "Near Eastbourne" (57); this, with its windmill on the dune, and the blue sea in the distance, is characteristic of Copley Fielding at his best. The examples of Turner are numerous. Here is a large "Carnarvon Castle" (31), of a uniform bottle-green tint, which may be compared with a smaller and less ambitious treatment of the same subject by W. Sawrey Gilpin (305). Some amateurs will be pleased with Turner's "Norham Castle" (47), and "Byland Abbey" (268) must be admitted to be very fine even by those who cannot detect the vaunted charm in many of these Turner drawings. The examples of De Wint here exhibited are few of them worthy of the name they bear, and display the artist at his least inspired moments.

We confess to a certain curiosity in the dry and conscientious founders of water-colour landscape. There is a queer conventionality in the careful "Old Abbey, Wells" (129), by B. T. Pouncey, better known as the engraver of many of Wilson's pictures. Thomas Malton was a minor luminary of the same age, whose clean and bright "Old Westminster Bridge" (130) was probably executed about 1790. Here are more or less estimable examples of better-known men—Barret, Nicholson, Varley, Glover, and Thomas Sandby. Among modern drawings we may mention a clever study after Waterloo, "Sauve qui peut" (2), by Mr. Gow; "The Rose" (23), a fair-haired woman in seventeenth-century costume, selecting a flower for her hair, by Sir James Linton; a number of very charming studies in the modern Dutch manner, of little red villages, by Mr. Wilfrid W. Ball; and a variety of the usual landscapes which Mr. Birket Foster has for so many years provided.

The Twenty-third Exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, in the Conduit Street Galleries, contains nearly five hundred works of art, but the average of merit is not high. Mr. Leon Little's "Drear December" (65) is successful in its rendering of a wintry scene, with all the forlorn gloom that a snow-

covered landscape, canopied by a heavy grey sky, is capable of suggesting. Mr. Harry Payne has treated the elaborate costume of the 8th Hussars with success in his "One of the Six Hundred" (251). Miss L. Block's careful rendering of a water-stained folio volume, Mr. Bompiani Battaglia's large dark Italian model, "Graziella" (346), solidly painted, and Mr. Slocombe's etchings are deserving of some commendation. The rest of the exhibition is very poor.

Nor is the thirty-third exhibition of the water-colour drawings and sketches of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, much more deserving of encouragement, although it comprises more than three hundred specimens. The best things in this collection strike us as being the studies of the Dolomites (22, 46, 47), by Mr. B. J. Donne; Miss Helen O'Hara's two studies of "Through the Rain" (109) and "Blown Back" (131) of waves advancing against a steady wind; Mr. E. Wake Cook's miniature-like "Madonna del Sasso, Locarno" (93); Mr. Charles J. Adams's well-lighted "Quay, Kyle Akin, Skye" (50); Mr. Percy Dixon's good study of sea and sky called "Changeless, yet ever changing" (90); and Mr. C. St. John Mildmay's study of granite giants, "The Colossi, Thebes" (151), with the group of real men and cows clustered like Lilliputians at their feet.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

SATURDAY night was rendered memorable at the Lyceum by a revival of that excellent melodrama *The Lyons Mail*, in which Mr. Irving plays the dual parts of Lesurques and Dubosc. It is almost a misfortune that the great success of *Much Ado about Nothing* will not permit of Mr. Irving giving more frequent performances of one of the most remarkable creations of his genius. It is quite impossible to overpraise his acting in this play. We cannot agree with a certain young critic whose appreciation of Shakespeare's comedy above mentioned has the advantage of "differentiating" with that of almost every other writer who has studied the works of the greatest of all dramatists. The young gentleman in question observes that the only serious drawback to the performance of *The Lyons Mail* is that "the differentiation of the characters is too complete. No one could ever have mistaken the one for the other." Now those who can remember the first performances of *The Lyons Mail* will perhaps not have forgotten that Mr. Irving originally made the parts so different that it really was difficult to bring them together. Since then, and especially this year, by an infinite number of delicate touches he has contrived to invest each character with distinct attributes, emphasizing the physical resemblance and a certain similarity of costume to indicate as forcibly as possible to the audience a likeness which in real life occasioned the tragical mistake upon which the plot of the play is founded. The most wonderful part of Mr. Irving's acting in this piece is precisely the subtlety with which he keeps the two characters so distinct, and yet renders them sufficiently alike to account for the extraordinary circumstances in which they figure. Mr. Terrie's Courriel is a charming impersonation, exhibiting but one fault. When he says, "M. Dubosc, I condescend to dirty my hands with gold," he should surely for once show the tiger under the smooth manners of the dandy. All the other parts, which are much subordinated to the principal, were admirably filled. The incidents of the robbery of the mail in the first act are very picturesquely contrived, but we might object that there is not sufficient deliberation in the manner in which the spoil is divided amongst the robbers.

The young critic whom we have just mentioned condescends in the pages of a weekly contemporary for which he writes to assure us that the world is much exercised over his opinions, and that he "can scarcely open a paper without finding himself accused of having said that Shakespeare had no wit." Every one has a right to his opinions, and so of course has the writer in question, who, it seems, according to his own account, is afflicted with a chronic disease, which he calls "a congenital incapacity to relish the literature of Mr. A. C. Calmour," and this, doubtless, in his present condition, prevents him appreciating the wit of *Much Ado about Nothing*, which he thinks, forsooth, is "strained." It can matter very little to the world whether the young gentleman, who is possibly jaundiced by the effects of the strange malady brought about by a too close application to the works of the author of the *Amber Heart*, "swallows Shakespeare holus bolus at one gulp" or not. Indeed, it might be as well if he did, and choked himself, metaphorically speaking, in the effort, thereby sparing us further exhibitions of his late lack of good taste. Mr. Calmour, it seems, "meets him with a compassionate magnanimity which awes and humiliates him." This is majestically unkind on the part of the author of *A Gay Lothario*, but it seems happy in its results; for surely it is satisfactory to know that one who thinks the public occupies itself so much about him is still capable of experiencing "mingled feelings of awe and humiliation." When the critic in question chooses he can write as sensibly and as cleverly as any one could wish, but he must for his own sake, if he still wishes to merit appreciation, be a little more modest, and, above all, cease from sling ink at the Bard of Avon. Still, we must forgive him, for, as Cleopatra says, he is yet in his "salad days, and green in judgment." He will surely in due time return to the modest paths of a short while ago, and remember that he is not as yet even M. Francisque Sarcey.

It is a remarkable fact that Alexandre Dumas's most imagin-

tive novel, *Monte Cristo*, has never been successfully dramatized, although it contains a number of eminently dramatic situations. The dramatists—and there have been many—who have attempted to make a play out of this fascinating story have possibly been confused by the wealth of material at their disposal, and have produced a series of *tableaux* rather than a consecutive play. The hero of *Monte Cristo* in the novel is interesting, but in the drama becomes, after his escape from the Château d'If, a sort of vindictive *deus ex machina*, killing off his enemies at the end of each act without much apparent reason; for there is not the time in the course of a short evening's entertainment to explain why he should hate half the company with such fateful purpose. He soon develops into a priggish nuisance who mixes up a great deal of copybook morality with an equal proportion of deadly uncharitableness. Moreover, he is never himself, but always disguised as a sailor, a convict, a priest, and finally as an impossible and aggressively rude millionaire. In short, *Monte Cristo* is useless for dramatic purposes. To make him interesting on the stage would require a prologue in five acts and a play in fifty.

An average London audience likes a concise story, and this they will never get in *Monte Cristo*, even as given at the Avenue Theatre. Therefore we fear that, notwithstanding Mr. Henry Lee's excellent staging and the capital acting of his company, he will be obliged to look about him for another piece, if he wishes to obtain that encouragement which his evident capability as a manager should command. When we consider the small size of the stage, it is quite surprising to see how much Mr. Lee has been able to do with his rather unwieldy melodrama. The illuminated gardens of the Countess de Moncerf and the view in the thicket of the Forest of Vincennes are as good stage-pictures as can be seen in any theatre in London. We do not hesitate to say, moreover, that there is not a better all-round troupe of players now before the footlights than the present Avenue Company. Mr. Lee himself is an excellent actor, although rather prone to exaggeration, probably the result of having played a great deal in very large American theatres. There were parts of his impersonation of the much-disguised Noirtier which were quite admirable; but when he assumed the character of the Jewish pedlar he produced only noisy caricature. Mr. Charles Warner, as Monte Cristo, exhibited throughout a profound knowledge of what is known in theatrical parlance as "reserve force." In the prison scene he was his old self, intensely yet artistically melodramatic. The "Gods" cheered him to the echo. We preferred his imposing acting in the scene in which he figures in the disguise of a priest. Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt, a very young actor of marked talent, played the small rôle of Albert, Monte Cristo's son, with much sincerity and natural pathos. Miss Millward, whose methods are stagey, was an exceedingly artificial Mercedes. Far better was the Carconte of Miss Elsie Chester, who gave a picturesque and strongly-drawn sketch of an old French hag, full of well-thought-out detail, which interested the audience through a long scene, which otherwise would have been unendurably tedious. A word of praise is due to Mr. J. G. Taylor for his Caderousse, and to Mr. J. R. Crauford for his able performance of Villefort.

Tommy is an invertebrate but pretty little one-act comedy, by Mrs. E. S. Willard, first performed at the New Olympic last Monday night. It introduces the audience to a Quaker family, more remarkable even than the one which figures so conspicuously in *The Dancing Girl*. Students of Calderon will remember his wonderful play *La vida es sueño*, in which a youth is abstracted from all association with the fair sex until he is twenty-one years of age, when he accidentally meets a pretty girl, and of course immediately falls in love with her. Calderon's hero, however, is locked up in a carefully guarded fortress. Mrs. Willard's young Quaker lives at home with his mother and a housemaid; but the only other woman he has ever come across is a certain Miss "Tommy," a romping young personage, evidently well acquainted with the rather exasperating ways and tricks of Miss Hoyden and Nan, "the Good-for-Nothing," and who, by dint of making herself a nuisance in a quiet household, wins the heart of the Quaker lad, and of course eventually marries him. Fortunately the heroine was played with considerable sparkle by Miss Lillie Belmore, else we fear Mrs. Willard's trifle would not have escaped premature extinction. As it is, it amuses, and has been favourably received.

Tommy is followed by a revival of Mr. G. R. Sims's *Lights o' London*. Needless to enter into details of a piece which is so popular, and which, with considerable originality, bears a marked impress of the influence of Charles Dickens, especially in the scenes illustrating life among "the submerged tenth." Mr. Wilson Barrett as the outcast, Harold Armatage, is excellent. Mr. George Barrett as Jarvis the showman plays with remarkable skill a character which appears to have wandered out of the pages of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Bess Marks is about the limpest heroine on the modern stage, and surpasses in the arts of bemoaning her fate and weeping copiously even Mrs. Haller. We should have preferred seeing Miss Winifred Emery in a part better suited to her talents. Needless to say she makes the most of her opportunities and is always graceful and interesting.

It was perhaps providential that Dr. Aveling should have taken upon himself to read to the members of the Playgoers' Club on Tuesday night Ibsen's *Ghosts*, or we might have been inflicted with a *matinée* performance of this unsavoury play. The "Master" in this nasty drama deals mainly with incest and hereditary

insanity; excellent subjects, no doubt, for discussion in scientific circles. But so long as young girls continue to be the chief ornaments of English theatres, *Ghosts* will, we trust, only haunt the resorts of Dr. Aveling and other Ibsenites, and not thrust themselves upon wholesome-minded people in decent places of amusement.

To-night, *The Cabinet Minister* at the Court is played for the last time. The theatre remains closed from Monday until Thursday evening, when the first performance of Mr. R. R. Lumley's new farce, *The Volcano*, takes place; whilst a new modern comedy by Mr. C. Coghlan, entitled *Lady Barter*, is in active preparation at the Princess's. In this piece Mrs. Langtry will appear as the heroine and the author himself as the hero.

The Parvenue will be produced at the Globe on Wednesday evening next, and towards the end of the month Mr. Haddon Chambers's *The Idler* will be performed at the St. James's—with a very strong cast.

KING JOHN AT OXFORD.

THERE is, perhaps, a tendency to take the efforts of histrionic amateurs somewhat too seriously. Crowds of applauding friends; long "notices" in the leading journals; special *matinées* honoured by the presence of eminent members of the "profession," all tend to give an éclat and a prominence to the doings of the undergraduate histrions, which may serve to place their performance in misleading perspective. But the work done by the O.U.D.S. in the last few years has been so good, their enterprise has been so bold, and their productions have been staged with so much lavish taste, that they may claim to be judged by a somewhat higher standard than that which is usually—and justly—applied to amateurs. Last year they produced, and with conspicuous success, Browning's *Stratford*. This year their choice has fallen upon *King John*, and if crowded houses are to be accepted as a criterion of success, it is obvious that it has been more than abundantly achieved. To our thinking, the Society shows no less of wisdom than of spirit in selecting one of the tragedies less frequently seen on London boards. There are obvious reasons—and weighty ones—why *King John* is comparatively rarely played. It is not to be pretended that it is a first-rate acting play. It lacks coherent motive; the action is disconnected, and the impressive situations are few. Such continuous motive as there is centres, of course, around the fate of Arthur; but that "serves rather as a pretext than a purpose"; and thus, though there are many passages of telling declamation, the interest of the spectator is not coherently maintained.

Of individual characters, incomparably the best and strongest is that of the Bastard Faulconbridge. In the present production it is played with admirable skill by an old member of the Society who has done yeoman service in the past, Mr. Alan Mackinnon. We have frequently had occasion to write warmly of the work done by Mr. Mackinnon in connexion with the O.U.D.S., but never before has he played with anything like the same fire and abandon. Judged by any standard, Mr. Mackinnon's conception and performance of the part would be entitled to high praise. King John is played by Mr. Irving of New College, and it is clear that nature has not denied to the son the gifts so freely lavished upon his illustrious father. The part is exceedingly trying, but Mr. Irving's performance gives evidence of most conscientious and careful study. Moreover, on the stage he is always graceful, picturesque, and interesting, never sinking into the dull or commonplace. He is seen at his best in the death-scene, which is altogether a remarkably impressive bit of acting. After Messrs. Irving and Mackinnon, Mr. Lechmere Stuart and Mr. E. H. Clark claim attention. They are both old members of the Society, and their experience stands out in marked contrast to the obvious inexperience of many of those by whom they are surrounded. Mr. Lechmere Stuart plays Pandolph, and, aided by an admirable make-up, plays it exceedingly well, though there is an occasional tendency to forget the dignity of the Cardinal, and lapse into the tones, if not the gestures, of low comedy. It was curious and interesting to note the enthusiasm with which the King's anti-Papal utterances and his bold defiance of the Cardinal were received by the audience. Mr. E. H. Clark, who is responsible also for designing the very beautiful scenery which has been painted for this production, plays Hubert de Burgh. Of all the characters in the play, this is undoubtedly the most sympathetic, and there was a real touch of feeling and pathos in Mr. Clark's scene with the young Arthur. The latter part found a most engaging representative in Miss Mabel Hoare—a clever child who has already seen a good deal of the footlights. Of the rest of the male performers, it is neither easy nor necessary to say much. The weak feature of the performance is precisely that in which we should expect to discover most strength in an undergraduate society—namely, in the playing of the minor characters. It is here that the present production most conspicuously fails. There was a disposition on the part of a portion of the audience to "guy" some of their friends who appeared in minor characters—a proceeding as senseless as it is offensive—but this apart, the playing of the minor parts was less satisfactory than we have a right to expect. If one exception may be made, it must be in favour of the gentlemen who appeared in the battle outside the walls of Angiers. We have rarely seen a more realistic stage-fight.

As usual, the Society have been fortunate enough to secure the assistance of some experienced lady amateurs. Mrs. Charles Sim, to whose kindness the O.U.D.S. have been frequently indebted, plays Constance. It is a well thought out and consistent bit of acting, but we have seen Mrs. Sim to greater advantage on other occasions. The part of Queen Eleanor was entrusted to Miss Flytche, and that of Blanche of Castile to Miss Dowson; both performances are praiseworthy and successful.

King John is put on the stage with exemplary care and effect. The scenery designed by Mr. Clark has been well executed by Mr. E. R. Jones, and the costumes are more than adequate. Not a little of the effective staging of the part is due to the generous kindness of Mr. Henry Irving, who has allowed the ample resources of the Lyceum armoury to be drawn upon for the chainmail used by the conflicting hosts of England and France. The beautiful tapestries which graced the stage during the fourth act were also lent from the Lyceum. The present production has one great advantage over its predecessors, which it would be exceedingly ungracious not to mention. In place of the dull black-coated players to whom it is usually assigned, the orchestra was filled by a bright array of young ladies, who played some admirable selections under the experienced baton of Lady Radnor. Indeed it can hardly be doubted that large numbers of those who have thronged the theatre during the past week have been attracted by the chance of hearing "Lady Folkestone's Band."

Carpings are still to be heard at Oxford as to the policy of permitting the undergraduates to spend so much time on these theatrical productions. So long, however, as the O.U.D.S. continue to produce Shakspearian plays with so much care, and with so much success, the opposition to their existence is hardly likely to prevail.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE Fourth Symphony Concert, which took place on the 29th ult., in spite of the badness of the weather, attracted the largest audience to St. James's Hall which has hitherto attended any of these excellent concerts this season. The announcement that Mme. Albani would sing the *Scena* and *Air* from *Der Freischütz* "Leise, leise," and "Isolde's Liebestod" from Wagner's *Tristan*, had doubtless much to do with this; but in addition to these two numbers the programme contained much that was attractive. The Symphony was Mozart's lovely work in G minor, one of those truly inspired compositions which no musician tires of hearing. By way of novelty, a Symphonic Poem bearing a motto from Shelley's *Epipsychidion*, the composition of Mr. Percy Rideout, was brought forward for the first time. At the composer's request, no analysis of the work was printed in the programme-book. Whatever may have been the reason for this course, there is much to be said in favour of leaving a new work to make its own impression on an audience, especially since of late the Analytical Programme has shown a tendency to become critical rather than analytical, and to attempt to influence the judgment of the public previous to the performance. Mr. Rideout's work is sufficiently simple to need no analysis. His thematic material is not uninteresting, but unfortunately it shows such strong signs of Wagner's influence as to seem quite devoid of individuality. His orchestration is excellent, and the whole work shows considerable promise. Of Mme. Albani's two solos, the *Freischütz* *Scena* was the more enjoyable. Since the days of Mlle. Tietjens no finer performance has been heard, and it gave rise to feelings of regret that so admirable a singer should be so seldom heard on the operatic stage. The very exacting "Liebestod" was sung with great pathos and earnestness; but Mr. Henschel did not succeed in keeping the orchestra sufficiently subdued, and at times the singer's tones were almost drowned by the loudness of the accompaniment. The programme also included Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture and Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," both of which were adequately played by the band.

The Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of the 31st ult. did not bring forward any novelties, but consisted entirely of familiar works. The programme began with Beethoven's string Trio in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, which was played by Mme. Neruda, MM. Straus and Piatti, with a correctness and attention to light and shade which deserves great praise. The pianist was Mlle. Eibenschütz, who chose as her solo Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35, and played, for an encore, the same composer's "Lied ohne Worte," Book 7, No. 1, besides taking part in Schumann's pianoforte Quintet, Op. 44, which ended the programme. In the latter work, as in the same composer's pianoforte Quartet, Op. 47, in which she was heard on the following Monday, the contrast of her impetuous style beside the somewhat staid playing of the other artists was very marked. If the pianist had exercised a little more self-restraint, and the strings had borrowed a little of her spirit, the result in both cases would have been more satisfactory. The remainder of Saturday's programme consisted of two numbers from Franz Ries's Third Suite for Violin and Pianoforte, excellently played by Mme. Neruda, and of songs by Ambroise Thomas and Mendelssohn, in which Mr. William Nicholl confirmed the good opinion created by his singing at a previous concert of this series. On Monday, the 2nd inst., the Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and the late Niels Gade's Octet for Strings in F formed the principal feature of interest in the

programme. It is by no means an inspired work, full of the influence of Mendelssohn, and hardly likely to live long. Mlle. Eibenschütz repeated her very striking performance of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 111, playing with even greater effect than on the previous occasion. For an encore she chose the "Echo" from Bach's "Overture dans la manière française." The vocalist was Mr. Hirwen Jones, who replaced Mr. Orlando Harley. His selection of songs was not a very good one, with the exception of the fine air, "I'll sail upon the dog-star," from Purcell's *Fool's Preferment*, the revival of which deserves acknowledgment. On Saturday afternoon last Signor Piatti introduced a new Sonata for Violoncello and Piano from the pen of Herr Emanuel Moor, a young Hungarian composer whose name is almost unknown in this country, although the work performed at Saturday's concert is numbered Op. 22. It is a well-written composition, but does not show signs of much originality. The best parts are the melodious Adagio, and portions of the final Allegro; the subjects of the latter are especially good. The greater portion of the programme of this concert was occupied by Schubert's Octet, Op. 106, which was played with the utmost care and—except for the modifications of the first-violin passages in the coda of the Finale—with strict accuracy, thus affording a pleasant contrast to the performance of the same work at a previous concert this year. The pianist was Herr Schönberger, who joined Signor Piatti in Herr Moor's Sonata, and also played a Nocturne of Chopin's and a Hungarian Dance of his own. Mr. Santley, though not in the best of voice, was vociferously applauded for his singing of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence" and Schubert's seldom heard "Der Schiffer." With the return of Dr. Joachim the interest of the Popular Concerts always revives. Last Monday was the great artist's first appearance this season, and a very large audience assembled to greet him. It was at once apparent, in Brahms's Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Horn, which opened the concert, that there was no diminution in the qualities which have justly raised him so far above all other performers. The same artistic insight into a composer's meaning, combined with absolutely perfect technique, and that indefinable grandeur of style which Dr. Joachim alone possesses, were displayed in the Trio, the Romance from his own Hungarian Concerto, the Hungarian Dance of Brahms's (played as an encore), and in Beethoven's Septet, in all of which he took part. The interest of this extremely attractive concert was fully sustained by the playing of Miss Fanny Davies, who took the pianoforte part in the Trio (in which the horn was played by that excellent performer, Mr. Paersch), and besides accompanying Dr. Joachim's solos gave admirably-finished performances of Schumann's Romance in F sharp, Op. 28, No. 2, Mme. Schumann's Scherzo in D minor, and (for an encore) one of Mendelssohn's Seven Characteristic Pieces. The vocalist was Mme. Bertha Moore, who was not well suited in either of her songs.

The second Concert of the Bach Choir's season was given last Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall to a larger audience than usually assembles at these interesting performances. This was the more gratifying as the programme was entirely drawn from the compositions of the great Leipzig Cantor. It comprised two of his finest Church Cantatas—namely, "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss" and "O ewiges Feuer"; the unaccompanied Motet, "Singet dem Herrn"; a Concerto in G major for Violin, Two Flutes, and String Orchestra, and a Partita in E major for Violin solo. The choral singing was, on the whole, up to the usual standard attained by the Choir, though improvement in the way of attack would be an advantage, the sopranos especially being frequently at fault in this respect. The way in which the pitch was kept up in the long unaccompanied Motet was deserving of all praise. The soloists were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Hirwen Jones and Plunket Greene, all of whom sang the extremely difficult and sometimes thankless music with evident zeal and deep artistic feeling. The curiously secular duet for soprano and baritone, "Komm, mein Jesu," was especially well sung by Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Greene, and Miss Wilson gave all possible effect to the air "Wohl ench, ihr auserwählten Seelen" in "O ewiges Feuer." Mr. Hirwen Jones would do well to take a few lessons in the pronunciation of German; at present his deficiency in this respect forms a serious blot upon an otherwise very intelligent style. The solo Partita was played magnificently by Dr. Joachim, who was also associated with Messrs. Barrett and Tootill in the Concerto. The latter is not one of the composer's most interesting works, though, needless to say, its execution at Tuesday's concert left nothing to be desired.

On Wednesday evening the Royal Choral Society performed Gounod's *Redemption* at the Albert Hall. The work is not one which lays great demands upon a chorus, and its simple part-writing is mere child's play to the forces Mr. Barnby has trained with so much care and success. Successive hearings are not likely to cause the estimate in which the *Redemption* is held by musicians to be modified favourably; but, to judge by the crowded state of the cheaper seats last Wednesday, its pretty melodies and mixture of superficial sentiment and religious feeling atone with a section of the public for its wearisome repetitions and commonplaces. It certainly could not be heard to much greater advantage than under Mr. Barnby, and the solos were all excellently sung by Mme. Nordica, Miss Kate Flinn, Mme. Belle Cole, Messrs. Iver McKay, Henry Pope, and Watkins Mills. Mme. Nordica's singing of "From Thy love as a Father" secured the usual encore.

Among the numerous minor concerts of the past fortnight, brief mention must suffice of the recital given on the afternoon of the 30th at St. James's Hall by the wonderful child-violoncellist, Jean Gérardy, at which he in every respect confirmed the favourable opinion expressed of his playing on a previous occasion. He was heard in two movements from Molique's Concerto in D, and in other solos by Radoux, Bach, Popper, Bruch, Schumann, and Davidoff. The programme also included songs by Mr. Plunket Greene and violin solos by M. Johannes Wolf. Space will not allow us to do more than chronicle the performance by Miss Holland's Choir at Westminster Town Hall, on Saturday last, of Mr. A. J. Edwards's melodious and well-written oratorio, *The Ascension*; the musical and lyrical recitals given by Miss Adelaide Detchon—a performer of distinct originality and considerable charm—at Princes' Hall on the 4th and 7th inst.; and the Pianoforte Recital given by Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen at St. James's Hall last Tuesday afternoon.

THE REMÉNYI CONCERT.

AMONGST the concerts that have been given of late, that of the celebrated Hungarian violinist, Édouard Reményi, is perhaps the one that has created the greatest interest, and rightly so, in the minds of the general music-loving public. Most other musicians would probably have had their chances of success considerably handicapped by the fact of giving a concert at a distance from London only to be covered by twenty minutes in a railway train; but the hundreds of people who came out of the special trains on arriving at New Eltham last Thursday afternoon, and who filled Colonel North's immense new picture-gallery, would seem to testify to the fact that, when the attraction is sufficiently strong, even the lazy Londoner will condescend to displace himself, as our French neighbours would say. A certain amount of interest was attached to the fact of the concert being the closing one of M. Reményi's twelve years' tour round the world; for he left on Thursday evening, immediately after the performance, for Paris and Buda-Pesth, in both of which capitals triumphal addresses of welcome from his compatriots await him.

The concert began with Mendelssohn's "Concerto" for piano and violin, admirably rendered by the great violinist; the chromatic scales of chords, which are so peculiar a characteristic of the Andante, and the delicacy as well as the sparkling nature of the *brío* in the Allegretto non troppo, being interpreted in a way that called forth the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the audience. In the "Paraphrase de Concert," which M. Reményi has adapted from Schubert, the violinist played alone without any accompaniment, and, indeed, one was not aware that an accompaniment was required, so full and powerful was the tone brought out of the Stradivarius that has accompanied M. Reményi on his lengthy travels. Sarasate's well-known "Zapateado" followed; but, though always charming, those particular Spanish dances are so completely identified with the individual style of execution adopted by the composer that they seem a trifle tame under any one else's fingers. But whatever trifling adverse criticism might be made on the "Zapateado," nothing but unbounded praise must be given to M. Reményi's rendering of his own transcription of Chopin's Mazurka in B flat, that wonderful expression of Chopin's genius and nationality, wherein the mournful wail of Slav music is interrupted, as it were, by the clank of spurred heels, as the national Polish dance resumes its rhythmic sway, blotting out sad memories of conquest. The mingled fire and pathos, strength and delicacy, of M. Reményi's playing of this work, wherein he has embroidered all manner of technical difficulties for the delight of his audiences and the dismay of would-be followers in his footsteps, were more than remarkable, and it was not surprising that the audience were with difficulty pacified without the encore for which they clamoured. Amongst his other items, M. Reményi played an Andante from a Violin Concerto, expressly written for him by Mr. George Clutsam (who accompanied him throughout the concert), a refined and scholarly composition, and closed the concert with Nos. 21 and 24 of Paganini's celebrated series of twenty-four Capriccios, to which, at Colonel North's particular request, he consented to give, as a valedictory encore, the evergreen "Home, Sweet Home," played with a tenderness and pathos that will probably have made a lasting impression on his hearers. To lighten the labours of the veteran violinist, Miss Minna Fischer and Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli sang several songs; and Mr. Fred. Dawson, a promising young pianist, gave proof of remarkable agility and power in his rendering of Tausig's arrangement of Weber's "L'Invitation à la Valse" and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. XII.," though, perhaps, the underlying feeling and sentiment of both works somewhat escaped his apprehension.

MAID MARIAN.

WE must hesitate to accord Mr. de Koven the welcome almost in the light of the coming composer that has been accorded to him by some complacent critics. He has gifts and capacity, but not to the extent some who have written about him would have us believe. His airs are tuneful and quite free

from vulgarity, and, though his orchestration strikes us as that rather of a careful student than of a master, he possesses considerable taste and feeling for his art. *Maid Marian* has pleased its hearers so much that more work from the same hand will doubtless be demanded, and we are inclined to think that the composer will improve upon his present performance. *Maid Marian* was written primarily for American audiences, and we are afraid that this means writing down to the popular level of those who "want something to take away with them." If they have taken it away before, so much the better chance of its being carried safely; and if they have taken something very like it away on more than one occasion, its prospects of safe carriage are improved. Recognizing these necessities, as we must assume that he has done, Mr. de Koven has fulfilled his task with respect for himself and his art. Now and again he seems desirous of showing musicians that he is capable of better things than those which compose the bulk of the work—the quartet "Ah! yes, he loves me" may be cited as an instance. It must be admitted, also, that the book of *Maid Marian* is, for the most part, a truly melancholy production. Here is a verse of the Cavalier's Song, quoted as an awful example:—

I come as a cavalier,
And I think you'd take it not amiss,
I do as a cavalier
Who is never loth to steal a kiss.
And never a cavalier
Would be a gallant knight and true
Who wouldn't confer a kiss
Upon a girl who wished him to.

Smith *fecit*. Mr. Harry B. Smith is the man, and he sent it to Mr. de Koven to be set to music. It was, in current phraseology, trying Mr. de Koven very high. We might, if we happened to be in a nasty temper, quote other specimens of Mr. Smith's muse; but this little sample will, perhaps, be accepted as sufficient to justify the remark that the composer was not greatly assisted in his task by the poetical nature of the lyrics.

The story, in the main outline, is good enough for practical purposes. Robin Hood is the rightful heir to the earldom of Huntingdon, despoiled by his guardian, the Sheriff of Nottingham, who foists his nephew, Sir Guy of Gisborne, into the title and estate. This, of course, gave Robin Hood a special claim to admiration in a Democratic and Republican land where titles are held in reverence. *Maid Marian*, again, is the Lady Marian Fitzwalter, daughter of another earl, a belted earl, with dungeons and other aristocratic appurtenances, no doubt. She is a bold minx, who dresses in boy's doublet and hose, goes to find the Earl of Huntingdon, and says she is her own page, sent to bear him a letter from the King, bidding him marry the Lady Marian Fitzwalter. The legend, for the rest, only relates how Robin goes to Sherwood as chief of the outlaws—none of his achievements is exhibited or described—flirts with one Annabel, and is betrayed by her lover, Allan-a-Dale, rescued by his followers, recaptured by the King's soldiery, taken to Nottingham gaol, where Friar Tuck visits his cell and changes clothes, so as to enable him to escape. The King's pardon to Robin, and his restoration to his rank and possessions, ends what, from this account, would seem a short story; but the plot is overlaid with incidents which are made more or less diverting according to the capacity of the players. The opera is put upon the stage with every possible advantage that can be derived from scenery and costumes; the woodland landscape in the second scene being, in particular, admirably picturesque. If any alteration is to take place in the way of stage spectacle, it must of necessity be in the direction of simplicity, for richness and elaboration seem to have reached their limits.

The performers have been judiciously chosen, for the principal players have claims to consideration as vocalists and actors. Miss Attalie Claire, the Annabel, shows ability much beyond that usually found in light comic opera in her delivery of what is called a "Forest Song." Miss Manola is an agreeable *Maid Marian*, and Miss Violet Cameron, whose style has not improved, has retreated from the wrong path and become a pleasant exponent of such parts as that of Allan-a-Dale. Mr. Hayden Coffin's method lacks variety and imagination; but he has an amount of ease and confidence which, when not carried too far, are suitable enough for work of this sort; and he employs his vocal means with tact. His Serenade, "A troubadour sang to his love," lies too high for a baritone; but there is a tradition that in such serenades much falsetto and *mezza voce* was employed; and so Robin Hood is called upon to sing music out of his proper compass. The experiment is not to be commended. Robin's Romance, "Promise Me," is simple and effective, and tastefully scored. Mr. Monkhouse plays the Sheriff, whose humour is a little conventional, and a little common; but, if five-sixths of the audience laugh, the object of actor and manager is attained. Mr. Le Hay's Sir Guy is a suitable companion picture. The man to be aimed at, and hit if possible, by such productions as this is the Average Playgoer, and he will like *Maid Marian* very much. More critical hearers will recognize in Mr. de Koven a vein of melody which may be more richly worked hereafter when he has ceased to glance at the possessions of his predecessors, and an evidence of taste which should guide his future efforts to artistic success.

LYRA PARNELLIANA.

I.

IN THE NURSERY—A MORAL BALLAD.

Dedicated to W. E. G.

C**** S**** was a naughty boy:
To smash commandments was his joy.

But, prudent still, his joy therein
Was mindful of C**** S****'s skin.

Therefore he broke by deputy
So many as that way could be.

Long time he meditated what
To do with that one which could not.

At last the Seventh from the shelf
He took and broke it for himself.

The pieces fell with such a noise,
It frightened all the other boys,

And thumping Joe and sniffing Hugh
Fled crying "We won't play with you."

Big William said "O dear! O fie!
That boy must really go bye-bye."

C**** S**** said "I shan't for you,"
And then began a rare to-do.

'Twas rattling Mike and ranting Tim
Cried loudest "Now let's go for him";

And took poor Justin for to be
Their captain in the fight so free.

So good old times again were seen,
And wigs were cheap on College Green;

With blackthorn and with crowbar straight
And strong each laid on other's pate.

But Leg-bail John and Breeches Bill
Said "C**** y dear, come make your will:

'Tis sad indeed your case is such;
We'll try and hurt you not too much."

C**** S**** let them make believe,
And kept his cards well up his sleeve:

Then grinned and bolted clean away—
Their game was up for many a day.

II.

IN THE LIBRARY—AD MODUM VIVENDI.

Quum petitor ille "Vici"
Dixit, et Decretum Nisi
Solvit matrimonium,
Magnus exsurrexit clamor
"Proh flagitiosus amor!
Probri quod præconium!"

Quum quotidiana crevit
Qualis in impuros sævit
St—dii dementia,
Expergiscens insanivit
(Quæ sopita tamen vivit)
Ista Conscientia;

Quumque talis tamque dira
Nonconformatitis ira
Intonans emicuit,
Nostin' ut tumultus tandem
Evocavit Senem Grandem
Qui se sic explicuit:—

"O tu tantum quem dilexi,
Rex incoronate, exi!
Sceptrum pone regium!
Opus est resignet mœchus,
Egomet resigno secus,
Respuens collegium."

Multa credo non prodesse;
Dubium est an sit necesse
Ut percurrans indicem
Tot convicia, tot sermones,
Tot in camera conciones
Quæ vocatur "Quindecim."

Sat sit scire quod Justinus,
Duce pulso (plus vel minus),
Scandit audax solium,
Inter vetulas amatus,
Mitis et spectaculatus,
Animatum folium.

Mox, ut rideant profani,
Agminis Gladstoniani
Surgunt querimonise;
"Hoc quid vult colloquium sibi?
Cur, si fiat, fieret ibi?
Finis sit Boloniæ!"

Ast in colloquentes fremunt
Frustra: de crumenâ tremunt
(As est primum mobile),
Hinc, timores ita premunt,
Dedecorum fœdus emunt
Exsulum par nobile.

"Cur, Dillonî conjurate,
Cur, bacchator disbraccate,
Non hæsisitis postibus?
Cur victoriam spemque belli,
Clavem nostri cur castelli
Vendidistis hostibus?"

"Quid? Pro causâ fugiendi
Fuit 'modum' quod 'vivendi'
Queritis paciferi?
O verborum vim divinam!
O insignem medicinam
Vulneris letiferi!"

"Vates quem dilexit Phœbus
Ait 'modus est in rebus';
Textum tamen rogitat
Sæpe querens an pro 'modus'
Melius sit legendum 'modus,'
Vestras res qui cogitat.

"Qui vivendi modus? Castis
Qualis licet? Num putâstis
Quomodo victurus sit
Olim qui disincte vixit
Cuique poenam jus inflixit?
Potis est ut purus sit?"

"Fuit hoc, amore cæco
Milites addicte mœcho!
Quod Dux noster noluit:
Si vivendi tolerasset
Modum, plane non damnasset
Quem Dux vester coluit."

REVIEWS.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY ON SIR ROBERT PEEL.*

THE date at which this volume is published suggests that, amid the faction fights of Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, meetings in Dublin, banquets up and down the country, and strife within and without the walls of Parliament, Mr. McCarthy finds leisure and mental tranquillity for those literary pursuits from which, he was understood to say at Liverpool, patriotism had painfully withdrawn him. While he is making history he can write it. A casual allusion, on an early page of this book, disabuses the reader of this Archimedean picture. We refer to the sentence in which Mr. McCarthy speaks of Sir Henry Parnell, afterwards Lord Congleton, as "an ancestor of the present leader of the Irish Parliamentary party in the House of Commons." From this description it is evident that the volume just given to the world was written, if not before the divorce suit—which points anew the moral of the opening couplet of the *Rape of the Lock*:—

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty conquests rise from trivial things!

—or the meeting in the Leinster Hall, yet prior to the reception of the now celebrated letter in which Mr. Gladstone pointed out how very inconvenient it would be to him personally that Mr. Parnell should continue "at the present moment" in the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party. The higher criticism, engaging itself with Mr. McCarthy's volume, can thus ascertain what is the date after which the last revise of p. 95 left his hands, and the sheets of the first half of this volume were worked off. Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. John Morley, if our recollection is accurate of events now converted into ancient history, and about which there was at the time some little conflict, was in Mr. McCarthy's pocket on the evening of November 24. In a speech which Mr. Disraeli, then Finance Minister, made shortly after his accession to office in 1867, the old phrase by which he had been accustomed to designate his rival sitting opposite to him came to his lips, and he spoke of Mr. Gladstone as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He recovered himself, and parenthetically expressed the hope that his words were not an omen. It is possible that a lapse of the pen may have betrayed Mr. McCarthy into an error similar to that into which a slip of the

* *The Queen's Prime Ministers.* Edited by Stuart J. Reid. *Sir Robert Peel.* By Justin McCarthy, M.P. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

tongue misled Mr. Disraeli. Perhaps in both cases the error lay deeper. Neither of the distinguished statesmen and men of letters was able, in the act of speaking or writing, to divest his rival of the office or rank under which he had so long viewed him. Mr. Gladstone, sitting on the Front Opposition Bench, was to Mr. Disraeli still Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Parnell, it may be, is to his supplanter still "the present leader of the Irish national party in the House of Commons." Ancient superstition attributed a prophetic character to words of chance; and it may be that Mr. McCarthy is the vehicle of an inspiration of which he is unconscious. This statement, true of a not very distant past, may prove as true of a not more distant future. It may even be that the debates of next week may show that in fact, if not in name, Mr. Parnell is even "at the present moment" the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party.

The more sober view, however, is that the delays of the press, often as vexatious as the law's delay, have made Mr. McCarthy, like Mr. Caxton the elder, the father of an anachronism. His sketch of Sir Robert Peel represents the continuous labour of the Parliamentary recess, when, good easy man, he little thought his greatness was a-ripening, and not half-hours snatched from tumult and intrigue of party. On internal grounds we should have been disposed to attribute to it the latter origin. It is written somewhat in scraps and fragments, and rather suggests the idea of a man who is picking up his information as he goes along. Mr. McCarthy has read Sir Lawrence Peel's *Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel* and the Memoirs edited by the late Mr. Cardwell and the late Lord Stanhope. As the historian of the Georges and of the present reign, he has, of course, an excellent general knowledge of the period over which Sir Robert Peel's public life extended. His Parliamentary experience, both as a member of the House and as a close observer of its ways, from a position really within but technically outside it, and his training as a journalist to the political discussion of many of the questions which occupied Peel, are excellent qualifications for his task. But he does not seem to have added to these essential and general conditions of political biography that more minute study of his subject in the diaries and correspondence of Peel's time, and that careful investigation of the details of the controversies in which Peel was engaged, without which it is impossible for a succeeding generation to have a distinct image of the man, a clear perception of his moral and intellectual personality. It is more than forty years since Peel died, and materials have accumulated in abundance, from which an artist as skilful as Mr. McCarthy is might have constructed a living and almost a speaking image of his subject. In place of this we have a sort of effaced likeness, like the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which seem all to resemble each other, and in which marked individual characteristics have been smoothed away. The history which Mr. McCarthy sketches in as the background of his portrait does not seem to have been gathered from resources much more recondite than the *Annual Register* and the Parliamentary debates.

It is superfluous to say that Mr. McCarthy, being Mr. McCarthy, in this book as in all his works, writes easily and gracefully, and in a style which, if there be any advantage in combining those exercises, he who runs may read. A biographer, it has been said, should imitate Homer, who describes in detail the arming of his heroes, and should dwell at length on the education and associations which equipped them for the field. Mr. McCarthy passes too rapidly over Peel's home-training, his Harrow and Oxford days. He thus describes him as he was at the commencement of his public life:—

Peel was tall, and at this early period of his career well formed. He was slender, and there was what certain modern writers would probably call a "willowy" gracefulness about him. He had good features, a well-formed head, with a large forehead—at that time regarded as an indispensable attribute of intellect—and a singularly sweet smile. He was then what would be called a dresy man. People still used to powder their hair, and the powder, it is said, became Peel very well. A little later on O'Connell scoffed at him as "a young man not past the foppery of perfumed handkerchiefs and thin shoes." He was of very active habits, and much given to athletic pursuits. He was a good walker, was fond of shooting, and a good shot. He had an immense amount of humour in him, to which he allowed all too rare an expression. . . . He appears to have lived in a constant struggle between his keen sense of the ludicrous and his somewhat overwrought and merbid notions as to propriety and decorum. Those who knew him only from the outside thought him merely a cold, stiff, proud young man, pedantically given up to the conventionalities and the proprieties.

This passage of personal description is a favourable, though not unduly favourable, specimen of the brief and rapid portraits of the statesmen of the first half of this century with which Mr. McCarthy's little volume abounds, and which give life to its rather superficial history, and its just, if somewhat obvious, political judgments. Perhaps in this sketch Mr. McCarthy introduces too much of the later into the earlier Peel. In a volume published in 1815, called *Parliamentary Portraits*, the writer, a descriptive reporter before the age of descriptive reporting, and by no means the worst of his order, gives a sketch of the youthful Mr. Peel not quite in harmony with Mr. McCarthy's. Mr. Peel is described by his contemporary portrayer as a pert youth, who thinks a good joke, if it be his own, better than an argument. The critic censures the indulgence of the House to this spoiled child. "It scarcely exercised any severity," he goes on to say, "when this gentleman, in the carelessness of young wit, presumed to assault one of the most venerable characters of the age; the lenity shown on that occasion (unless Mr. Peel has a strong corrective good sense in reserve, which he has not yet exhibited)

may lead to more offensive specimens of an over-humoured pertness." The parenthesis is remarkable. But for that we might think that some Lord Randolph Churchill of the day was in discussion.

Mr. McCarthy says nothing of Peel's contributions to the *New Whig Guide*, which entitle him to a very good place among political satirists. Speaking of the grounds on which he opposed the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, he says:—"He did not believe it would be impossible to admit the Catholics of Ireland to religious equality, and still maintain the Irish Established Church, or even the Act of Union. On the State Church question time has proved that Peel was right." This is surely a very instructive use by the Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party of the rhetorical figure known as *apostrophe*. Mr. McCarthy relates clearly and well the main incidents of Peel's political life, and deals fairly with the great controversies which still rage about his conduct in regard to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. He vindicates his scrupulous integrity, and justly. It was the integrity, however, of a man to whom politics are a kind of engineering, a management of forces which it is impossible to resist, and which it is essential to direct, and not that of a moralist, to whom there is such a thing as right in itself. Peel held the safety of the State to be more imperative than his own personal consistency or the triumph of his own opinions; and sacrificed both without hesitation, though with pain, when he felt that only so could a grave public danger be averted.

NOVELS.*

IN a pleasantly indulgent and somewhat superfluous preface to his son's novel, *The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician*, Sir Edwin Arnold maintains quaintly that an author "sufficiently gifted with imagination and study" should be permitted to follow where these gifts lead, even if into the realms of the fantastic and the impossible, or at least the unknown. Undoubtedly so, and Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold has sufficiently justified the theory in his work. Mr. Arnold's style, or it may be the style of Phra, who tells the tale of his own adventures, is founded on the supposed literary canon that every noun shall have its adjective whether or no; and that the adjective shall be as high-sounding as imagination and study can supply. It is not the imposing Homeric repetition, but simply a desire to colour the incident, clothe the object, weave patterns into the web. "The merry hum of the warm southern air in the brown cordage," "the frothy prattle of the busy water," "the queenly city of the ancient seas," "the white arms of Tyre," these are all taken out of one sentence and leave others behind. It is a fine useful sort of style, and may on occasion be employed with excellent effect, but it is too much for three volumes. By the time Phra has clamoured through a third of his story one is longing for an interlude of baldness. This protested, it remains that Phra has a wonderful and interesting story to tell. If history can be taught out of plays and novels (and it is to be feared the ordinary memory is best supplied by them), young English people might have a better idea of the earliest social aspects of their own country after reading Phra than they would carry away from, say, the more serious pages of Mr. Freeman. Besides, Phra begins before Freeman. Phra begins about as early as you possibly can begin, and comes down to Elizabeth—"a tawny, handsome, yellow lioness"—and he has had wonderful adventures in all the intermediate Roman, Saxon, Norman stages. He sees "fair Plantagenet mornings," and warms his "Tudor legs" by "Tudor blazes." But governesses and headmistresses must be warned before they send orders for piles of Phra that "young people" does not always include the young person. Phra is a robustus soldier through all his fifteen hundred years of life, and he has a soldier's ways. He loves early and often, and late and very much. Worse than that, he is loved by ladies who have small scruple in saying so, and don't wait to be asked. The passages between Isobel and Phra are far from being such as should be offered for examples in boarding-schools for young ladies, though they are later explained away in a spiritual, or psychical, sense. Isobel was unconsciously a spook. Sir Edwin speaks of his son's "philosophical and historical romance." He might have added, with equal truth, military and amatory.

Mrs. Hungerford's fiction is the tipsy-cake of literature, light and sweet, chiefly liked by the young, and not unacceptable as pleasant trifling by any reader. Of late the trifling has grown a little insipid, and seems to need some more solid basis of character and event. The signs of carelessness, too, which if authors knew how readers worth writing for resent they would studiously avoid, begin to be not infrequent. How much it affronts the student who approaches even a novel with attention to find a pretty face described on one page as "dark" and on the next "snow-

* *The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician*. By Edwin Lester Arnold. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

April's Lady. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1891.

Glencoeage. By R. B. Sheridan Knowles. 3 vols. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

Jack Warleigh, a Tale of the Turf and the Law. By Dalrymple J. Selgrave. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

white." People should also make up their minds once for all about their degrees of relationship. The same individual should not be "an uncle of my mother" on p. 23 and "my mother's brother" on p. 25. These would be trifling faults, if any fault against literary sincerity could be trifling. For the rest, the many readers of *Molly Bawn* will find a good deal of the old spell about *April's Lady*. The sweet Irish girl is there with her host of admirers, and her inability to make up her mind amongst them, her facility in giving them all by turn opportunities, some decidedly indiscreet, for making love, her variations of mood, and her true, kindly nature. The dangerously lovely married woman is there, and her goings-on with her best friend's husband under the friend's roof sail as near the wind as is safe. The handsome insincere lover is there—this time an awful bore—and so is the loyal, and in the end rewarded, one, very faithful and rather ill tempered. The *enfant terrible* is there in great force, Tommy being, in fact, the thing to fall back on whenever a gap occurs which needs filling up. Tommy is so true to his part of a nuisance that the reader stands in as great dread of him as his family do, until some passages with his grandfather in the second volume, by their comicality and tenderness, completely reconcile us to him, and his father's "Tommy crowns all!" is agreed to. Mrs. Hungerford has, and has long had, her public, who admire her qualities and are, perhaps, aware of her defects as a novelist. It is scarcely necessary to do more than to mention that here is another story in three volumes, with a strong family likeness to its predecessors, and the air of declining vigour often noticeable in the younger members of large families.

A pretty book is *Glencoonoge*, bound in emerald green, a golden shamrock on the cover, and the name R. B. Sheridan Knowles on the title-page. These pleasant Irish suggestions are fully followed up in the succeeding pages. The chronicles of Glencoonoge, the sweet Irish village by the sea, are narrated by Mr. Knowles with sympathetic simplicity, a certain old-fashioned feeling, and a good deal of national humour, which make the book very pleasant reading. It is scarcely a novel in the received sense, though a thread of dramatic interest is woven through the plot, which gains strength as it develops. The interest of the story lies less with the search of Mr. Chalmers, the runaway English boy who makes a fortune by keeping a store at the Australian goldfields, and returns to find all his people dead except a sister, who is lost, than with the description of the Irish village, where he eventually finds her, and its natives. The sketches are done by a hand which has drawn from life. Politics—distracting word—are entirely absent. It is the national temperament Mr. Knowles has studied and observed, the kindly, careless, boastful, hospitable, reckless, fiery Irish nature, so fascinating and so disappointing. Mrs. Ennis, who keeps the inn, and has her Sunday drives on her jaunting-car, is a real woman, not a fancy sketch. Conn Houlihan, the boots at Mrs. Ennis's inn, is perhaps the figure Mr. Knowles has touched with some romantic illusion, and most readers will feel some of Mr. Chalmers's dismay when the refined English girl, his sister, is discovered as Conn's wife; Conn, who can scarcely read or write, who cleans the boots and rubs down the horses. Conn, the "illiterate peasant," however, carries the day with the "piece of English prudence," Jane Chalmers, and if they had a ricketing Irish wedding, we suspect Conn's married life would turn out another instance of English oppression and Irish subjection. Mrs. Conn would continue to keep the books at the inn and rule the roast. Mr. Knowles does not seek to penetrate Irish policy, or account for Irish misfortune; but in his bright picture of the changing surface of Irish character some gleams of explanation of both may be discerned, and, what is better, a good deal of amusement may be gained in the process.

There is an affinity between the Turf and the Law as there is between the theatre and finance, possibly because the one offers such extensive opportunities for losing the money made by the other. *Jack Warleigh: a Tale of the Turf and the Law*, is a novel which confines itself within the limits of its title, or nearly so. There is just a little love-making of the most perfunctory kind, merely enough to provide a Lady Warleigh for the finish, and a little fighting of a rough-and-ready sort in South Africa among the Basutos. The rest is racing, betting, steeplechasing, and cheating, or nefarious getting up of shady cases and felonious conspiracies involving fraud and attempted murder. It cannot be called a vulgar story, though the reader is presented to a number of vulgar people of all classes. The few touches given at the beginning to the figure of Mr. Paradine, the grammar-school master, show humour and pathos, and Jack himself is a most kindly, honest hero, who cannot bear malice, and pensions the scampish uncle who had tried to take not only his title and his estates, but his life. The interests of the book are extremely limited, being confined entirely to the racecourse and the lawyer's office. However, there is rattle and go in *Jack Warleigh*, and we have said enough to indicate the novel to such readers as are likely to care for it.

LONDON BANKERS.*

UNTIL Sir Robert Peel's lucid answer in 1844 it might have been pardonable not to be able to reply to the question, What is a pound? and at the present day there must be many

who could not define a banker. The writer remembers putting the question, What is a banker? to an assembly of gentlemen in a bank parlour, but the replies were not calculated to satisfy the humble seeker after information; they really resolved themselves into "The man who takes out a banker's licence." Now this definition would shut out all our financial houses who conduct enormous banking transactions, and hold from time to time sums of money belonging to foreign Governments and others, but yet who never take out any licence nor appear in the list of bankers. Indeed, this licence is a very curious thing; as far as we know it is small in amount, not compulsory, and conveys no privilege; in point of fact, there is nothing to prevent any one performing every act of a licensed banker without a licence.

Although, therefore, a study of the list of bankers for 1890 does not disclose the names of many Londoners whom a Frenchman would unhesitatingly describe as *banquiers*, we could not help observing the names of certain foreign promoters, bill-brokers, and financial agents who, we should say, could only legitimately be described as bankers if the above definition is accepted. Though there may be doubts as to what rightly makes a banker, there should be none as to what constitutes banking; it is the habitual holding and trading with others' money, which is liable to be removed at the pleasure of the depositor. The cardinal feature of sound banking is the retention of a sufficient reserve to meet the liabilities from day to day, and this sufficiency cannot be expressed by a tenth or a fifth, or any other fraction, as it must depend entirely on the character of the deposits. This fact is often overlooked by the Bank of England's critics in the press, who complain of the lowering, raising, or letting alone of the rate of discount, though they have absolutely no means of learning what outgoings or incomings the Governor may have reason to expect. Others have proposed to fix the ratio which the reserve should bear to the liabilities; which we have already said would be impracticable, and which would simply result in crippling trade, while the door would still remain open for imprudence.

We see Mr. Price mentions that "the Bank of England had to stop payment in 1696, during the great recoinage, owing in a great measure to the failure of the Land Bank." This is rather a serious reflection on the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, even though the events are represented as occurring in her salad days, when she was green in judgment. We cannot help surmising from the words "during the great recoinage" that the stoppage was part of a general suspension of cash payments, such as occurred again a hundred years later in 1797, and not an isolated act of bankruptcy. Certainly there was a run on the Bank, and the notes were at a heavy discount, but if our view is correct there is room in the text for a plainer statement of the case.

However this may be, an interesting illustration of the increased importance that the Bank has acquired during the last two hundred years may be gained by reading the story, on page 85, of how Sir Richard Hoare and Sir Francis Child, two rival bankers, who ought to have known better, tried to break the Bank; but let *The Anatomy of Exchequer Alley* tell the tale in its own way:—

When the late hurry of an expected invasion sunk the price of stock 14 or 15 per cent. who were the men that made a run upon the Bank of England, and pushed at them with some particular pique too, if possible to have run them down, and brought them to a stop of payment? I hereby refer to, and can recall to memory, two goldsmiths (Knights also, and one of them a member of Parliament too) in Fleet St. who pushed at the Bank at the time of the Pretender's expected invasion from France. One of them it was said had gathered a quantity of Bank Bills, to the value of near one hundred thousand, and the other a great sum, though not so much, and it was said they resolved to demand the whole at once. Let the gentleman I point at answer with what difficulty Sir Richard Hoare wiped off the imputation of being a favourite of the Pretender, and how often in vain he protested he did it with no such view, and how hard the Whigs were to believe him.

The Bank met the demand, though not without inconvenience; and we have been led to consider how far it would be possible to repeat the action of these envious Jacobites, on a scale larger in proportion to the increased capital of the Bank, which is now over eighteen millions, including Rest, or fifteen times what it then was; we shall show that, even if it be assumed that such a conspiracy might be planned, it is morally impossible that the Bank could be embarrassed by it. It will in the first place be necessary to imagine a Mr. Child and Mr. Hoare actuated by hereditary piratical instincts, who, having determined to run upon the Bank, have accumulated three millions—an almost impossibly large sum to get together, and altogether so without upsetting their own business and arousing eager comment—yet this sum would bear the same proportion to the Bank's present capital, namely, one-sixth, as the sum tendered by their ancestors did. Next we will suppose that one million of this has actually been hoarded in notes; though this would be about one twenty-fourth of the total amount in circulation at the time we write. Then we will assume that the balance of two millions is in the shape of surplus credit on the accounts which they, in common with other bankers, would have in the Bank of England. In using the words surplus credit, we wish to indicate that the conspirators would have to take care not to impinge on the amount in their respective accounts necessary to meet all current bills which had been domiciled there, or otherwise they would merely illustrate the fable of the viper and the file, by breaking themselves instead of the Bank. However, let it be granted that they would be able to "push at" the Bank by

* *A Handbook of London Bankers*. By F. G. Hilton Price, F.S.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Limited.

suddenly withdrawing two millions, which would be paid them in the legal tender of the country—namely, bank-notes; they would then proceed to the issue department, where alone they could demand coined gold, and tender the whole three millions. The Bank would, of course, at once admit the demand, and begin to deliver sovereigns; but the hostile intentions of the presenters, long before suspect, being now apparent, the supplies of bags and services of porters—which, though customary, are not compulsory—would naturally not be forthcoming. Accordingly we calculate that the money thus delivered loose on the counter would take two men, working hard for ten hours a day, three weeks to count; that it would weigh over eighteen tons, and that it would require three railway trucks to remove it! Naturally, therefore, plenty of time would elapse, during which the Bank authorities could send bars to the mint to be converted into coin, could sell Consols or other securities, or strengthen their position in any way they thought wise. Of course the idea of such an attempt is very far-fetched, but it is not otherwise than instructive to show in detail to what a fiasco such an attempt would inevitably lead.

In point of fact, a very similar plot in recent days is described by Mr. Price, where he represents the late Baron Rothschild as seeking to ruin Jones Loyd's Bank; we have no space to quote the passage in full, but it resolves itself into the statement that Rothschild paid in half a million one evening and drew on the Bank for the full amount the next morning early, when Mr. Loyd, who suspected mischief, returned the notes, gold, and cheques just as they had been received, saying, "The effects are not cleared." Now we may be very dull, but we cannot for the life of us see what was expected to happen, or how the sagacious Mr. Loyd was to have been ruined even if the effects had been cleared in the ordinary way. For this reason we must express a suspicion that the story is untrue, an explanation that has solved and will solve many a hard problem. Certainly, unless the story is undoubted, further currency should not be given to it, bearing so discreditably as it does on Baron Rothschild's character. It seems to us that to effect his purpose he should have left the sum some time and drawn for it when money was tight; but no banker of even ordinary intelligence would put out of his power so large an amount if suddenly deposited with him by a business firm without explanation, and we cannot, therefore, share Mr. Price's enthusiasm at this example of Lord Overstone's sagacity.

But, leaving these somewhat disagreeable illustrations of commercial jealousy, the reader who is curious about such matters can learn in *The Handbook of London Bankers* something of all those who have followed the trade, from Mr. Matthew Shore (husband of the notorious Jane), who, as the phrase went, kept running cashes in Lombard Street, temp. Ed. IV., to the latest development of nineteenth-century banking, such as the Penny Bank or the Cheque Bank. Nearly every one knows that all the old banking business was done by goldsmiths, and that, with the exception of one or two, such as Cox & Co., and Cocks Biddulph, who sprang out of army agents towards the end of the eighteenth century, there is not an old bank now standing that cannot be traced to the source of a goldsmith's shop. Still, it may be news to some how much more nearly some of the old business would have harmonized with Messrs. Attenborough's dealings than with those of Glyn Mills, as witness this entry in Strahan Paul & Co.'s books, March 10, 1672, "To 15*l*. lent to Lady — on deposit of"—but no, on second thoughts, for the very curious nature of the deposit we refer the curious to the book itself.

It is not uninteresting, when looking at a book of this kind, to note the period over which a business remains in the hands of the same family; and for this purpose we will take the list of bankers for the year 1725, and we shall find four banks—Child's, Hoare's, Martin's, and Drummond's—which still flourish; while, if we turn to 1791, we find some fifteen banks which for a century have been under the control of members of the same family. In ordinary commerce the influences both within and without that militate against such a continuance are various and powerful; they are mainly want of ability, idleness, vanity, and change in the course of trade. To illustrate how strongly these or some such causes have operated, we may mention that we believe there is not a single firm engaged in any other kind of mercantile pursuit in the City of London (excluding tradesmen) who can claim to have opened their counting-house there a hundred years ago, the three oldest firms with whose existence we are acquainted—Rothschild's, Gibbs's, and Baring's—having all three begun operations in the City during the first decade of the present century, though, no doubt, the first two families had been trading long before in Frankfurt and Bristol respectively. Now any one who ten years ago had surveyed the private banks, and noted them, antiquated and prosperous, must have opined that there was something in banking that enabled it to resist the disruptive tendencies to which we have referred. The routine character of the work rendered exceptional ability unnecessary; while the consideration in which its members were held checked any vulgar desire to sink the shop, such as has from time to time acted on the sons of manufacturers and merchants. Yet there remained one cause—change in the course of trade—which is rapidly proving fatal to the existence of these old banks and those whom

Non centum domuere anni, non mille ruina.

who have been found impervious to time and panics are going down before the Limited Liability Acts and the joint-stock

system. Without going so far as Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd, who told the Parliamentary Committee, "I think joint-stock banks are deficient in everything requisite for the conduct of banking business except extended responsibility," we cannot help a feeling of regret as we see the private banks one after another amalgamated and engulfed in large limited concerns, for we know that it means the retirement from business of men whose families have for years been in the forefront and have well maintained the credit of English commerce. No doubt in the present day it will seem to many foolishness, but we are sufficiently attached to the hereditary principle to be vexed at finding the course of trade joining with so many others to attack it; for with the private banks will disappear a genuine commercial aristocracy not unworthy to be compared with that of Italy, and that these institutions are doomed there is, we fear, little doubt; at any rate this is what Mr. Hilton Price thinks:—

During the last twenty years banking has assumed a new form. The vast activity and development, both of the internal and foreign trade of the country, the enormous transactions in the monetary system, the vigorous competition existing in all branches of trade, the delicate and uncertain condition of the money markets, the tendency of all commercial enterprise to achieve greater success in combined and extended operations, and the general tone of public feeling in favour of joint-stock trading, are gradually but surely carrying the banking business out of the hands of private individuals, and placing it on a wider basis and on a system more congenial to the habits and feelings of the day.

Of course a book of this kind would not be complete without accounts of the sensational failures that have overtaken various banks. It is noticeable that in three of the most notorious cases—Marsh Stacey in 1824, Remington in 1828, and Strahan Paul in 1856—the cause was the dishonesty of one or all of the partners. A good story is told of the tantalizing ill luck of ex-Sheriff Parkyns, who dreamt that his money was not safe in Marsh Stacey's, which, as it was in the hands of the forger Fauntleroy, and just before their failure, was undeniably true; accordingly he removed it to Child's, but quarrelled with them, and, instead of leaving it there, deposited his savings with Remington's, who shortly after failed even more disastrously than his former bankers.

Many of the goldsmiths were ruined in 1672 by an act on the part of the Government which, for gross dishonesty, has not been surpassed by Turkey or the State of Virginia. Charles II., being as usual distressed for money, closed the Exchequer in which the goldsmiths were in the habit of depositing their floating capital, and seized the contents, amounting to close on a million and a half. Not till the reign of William III. did the unwilling lenders—or rather, more probably in most cases, their executors and administrators in bankruptcy—get any satisfaction, and then had to be content with the recovery of half their principal, without interest, this debt being the first item with which our National Debt was charged. We could sympathize with some of these unfortunates if they had used the language attributed to another unsuccessful banker, Sir Matthew Bloxham (whose counterpart may be recognized in the present day)—"D—n banking! Curse banking! B—t banking! I hate banking! When I was a banker I never slept soundly, and there never was a day I was not afraid of stopping payment."

A very serious panic followed the failure of Neale Fordyce in 1772, and had it not been for the striking energy and ability which has lately marked the government of the Bank of England, the following passage from the *Annual Register* for that year might have been written last December without the alteration of a word:—

It is beyond the power of words to describe the general consternation of the metropolis at this instant. No event for fifty years has been remembered to give so fatal a blow to trade and public credit. An universal bankruptcy was expected. The stoppage of almost every banker's house in London was looked for. The whole city was in an uproar. Many of the first families were in tears. This melancholy scene began with a rumour that one of the greatest bankers in London had stopped, which afterwards proved true. A report at the same time was propagated that an immediate stop of the greatest must take place. Happily this proved groundless; the principal merchants assembled, and means were concerted to revive trade and preserve the national credit.

We have no space in which to write of Caswall and Mount, the cashiers of the South Sea Company; of the runaway match of Mr. Child's daughter with Lord Westmoreland; nor of Messrs. Oldings, who claimed the poet Rogers as a partner; so, for these matters, and many other that form the romance of banking, we must refer readers to the book itself.

CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES.*

IT is now just forty-two years since the last edition of *Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities* was published; thus it need hardly be said that a new edition was urgently required, especially as no serious rival in the English language has appeared since the first edition of 1842 was issued. Probably no other science has been within the last fifty years so greatly modified and extended as the science of Classical Archaeology. In the "forties" even professed archaeologists had hardly given up applying the name of "Etruscan vases" to the rich stores of Greek pottery from the tombs of Magna Græcia and Etruria. Archaic Greek sculp-

* *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*. Edited by Will. Smith, LL.D., Will. Waite, M.A., and G. E. Marindin, M.A. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Vol. I. London: Murray.

ture was as yet an almost unknown field of study, and the knowledge of coins and gems had made but little progress since the days of Eckhel, the learned father of Greek numismatics, and of Zanetti and Gori, the very injudicious authorities on the science of gems. The *Corpus* of Greek inscriptions and the corresponding colossal work on Latin inscriptions were yet in their infancy, and the last forty years have brought an astonishing mass of most valuable lapidary evidence with regard to the most varied branches of classical knowledge. Systematic excavation was still a rare occurrence, and was almost wholly carried on by British archaeologists. Since the middle of this century Schliemann has laboured and has, alas! passed away, and Germany, France, and Italy have taken up the work of exploration on classical sites in a way which now leaves England sadly lagging in the rear, instead of being, as she once was, foremost in antiquarian research. The result of all this is that more than "a revised and enlarged edition" of *Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities* was urgently needed; not revision, but rewriting, was necessary, and to a large extent is supplied in the present work. The amount of enlargement may be gathered from the fact that the old edition of 1848 was contained in one volume of about 1,240 pages, while the first of the two volumes, to which the present one has grown, consists of about 1,050 pages.

Among the many excellent articles in the present work the best, on the whole, appear to be those which deal with such subjects as the law, the religious festivals, and the political offices of Greece and Rome—subjects, that is, for which our sources of information are mainly literary. Mr. L. C. Purser of Trinity College, Dublin, has supplied some excellent and lengthy articles on *Comædia*, *Exercitus*, and the Dionysiac and Eleusinian Festivals; another able article by the same hand suffers from a disadvantage which is common to a large portion of this long-delayed volume—namely, that it was written so long before its publication that it fails to provide the most recent information on the subject. Mr. Purser's article on the mysteries of the *Cabeiri* has no account of the very important recent discoveries in Boeotia, in the sanctuary of these mysterious un-Hellenic deities, whose Semitic origin has been made more clear than before by the excavation of one of the chief centres of their cult. As a rule, the articles of this class are adequate and well written, but one of the most interesting of all the early pieces of ritual in Athens, the *Diipolia*, is passed over with a few lines, which give the reader no notion of its exceptional importance to the student both of ancient law and of primitive religion. Even the last edition gives more information about the *Diipolia*; and the article should have been much enlarged, instead of being contracted to a mere note.

In a work of this size, written by so long a list of authors, it is, of course, impossible to do anything like justice to more than a tithe of its contents; we may, however, notice the fact that it contains very full and well-written monographs on *Agricultura* and *Calendarium*, by Professor Wilkins, of Owen's College, Manchester; on *Civitas*, by Dr. Moyle, of New College, Oxford; and on the Agrarian Laws, by Mr. H. J. Roby, of St. John's, Cambridge. Professor Gardner's articles on Numismatics—*As*, *Denarius*, and others—are excellent, and make the reader wish they had been in some parts longer and fuller. The article *Castra*, originally written by Professor Will. Ramsay, of Glasgow, has been with advantage remodelled and greatly enlarged by Mr. Purser, to whom this volume owes so much.

The weak side of this edition is its articles on the more purely archaeological and technical subjects; with, however, some notable exceptions, the work of two or three well-known archaeologists, as, for example, the articles on *Circus* and *Domus*, by Professor Middleton, that on Pottery, under the title *Fictile*, by Mr. Cecil Smith, and a short but excellent article, *Genma*, by Mr. A. H. Smith, of the British Museum. One serious defect found in many of the articles is the comparatively small use that has been made of inscriptions, both Greek and Latin—as, for example, in the articles *Canon* and *Janua*, both of which ignore the very important paleographical evidence, that in each case forms the *locus classicus*, as it might be called, of the subject. One of the most interesting technical points in the inscription, which is at once the contract and the specification for the repair and alteration of the temple of Zeus at Lebadea in Boeotia, is the minute way in which the use of the marble *canon* or straight-edge is described. The face of every block was to be tested by the contractor in the presence of the architect, as often as he required, by passing over it a carefully prepared *canon*, five feet long, its edge smeared with finest red pigment (*μῦρος*), mixed with the best olive oil, in order to prove the smoothness of the surface by the evenness with which the block received the red paint. In this and in other articles the authors would have done well to consult the very interesting collection of Greek inscriptions relating to buildings which was published by M. Auguste Choisy in 1884.

In the same way the article *Amuletum* omits all reference to the most interesting of all existing examples of ancient inscribed amulets—the gold tablet from Petelia, which is now in the British Museum. This very curious little plate was meant to be rolled up and worn in a gold case round the neck, both during life and after it. Inscribed upon it in minute Greek letters is part of an Orphic hymn, giving directions to the soul of the wearer as to what he was to do on his arrival in the land of the dead—the soul would find a white cypress tree, and near it two fountains, one of *Lethe* or forgetfulness, the other the fountain of Memory. He is

to avoid the former, and to beg, in words prescribed on the amulet, the guardians of the fount of Memory to give him water to quench his parching thirst. "This," the inscription goes on to say, "the guardians will do, they will give you to drink of the divine spring, and then shalt thou rule with the other heroes of the dead."

Again, in many of the architectural articles, such as those on *Anta*, *Columna*, and the like, a very imperfect amount of knowledge is shown by the writers. No notice is taken of Dr. Dörpfeld's important discoveries with regard to the early use by the Greeks of wooden columns and pilasters in conjunction with walls of unbaked brick. Not only at Hissarlik, Tiryns, and Mycenæ have clear indications been found of this important use of wood, but even in much later times, in the *Heraion* at Olympia, the old method of using wood columns for the peristyle of a temple still survived. One wooden pillar even lasted as late as the visit of Pausanias, the others having been replaced by stone columns, one by one, as the wood decayed. This may seem a small point, but is really one of the highest importance in its bearing on the origin and development of the Doric style of Greek architecture. In most of the articles of this class a good many errors need correction, such as the definition of the word *abacus*, as applied to the top member of a capital, which excludes the *abaci* of any order except the Doric; the statement that the exterior of the Colosseum (s.v. *Amphitheatrum*) is partly built of tufa; the name "supposed temple of Remus" (s.v. *Janua*, p. 988) given to the well-known temple of Romulus, the son of Maxentius; and many other similar mistakes. On the whole, however, the main articles seem good, especially in those cases where the old article has been, not revised, but rewritten.

The weak point of this work is unfortunately a most serious one—namely, the miserable and very frequently misleading character of the illustrations. The value and usefulness of a work of this class to a very large extent depends on the number and quality of its illustrations, which frequently may be more instructive to the student than any written description. In the French, or rather Belgian, work which is so slowly appearing under the joint names of Daremberg and Saglio this point has been fully realized, and almost every article is copiously illustrated with well selected and well executed woodcuts. In the present edition of *Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities* the case is very different; the new illustrations are comparatively very few, and are mostly badly executed. In the main, the whole volume is sprinkled with impressions from a number of old blocks which ought most certainly to have been discarded. Many of them are quite irrelevant cuts from Dennis's *Etruria*. A large number are copied from Gori's and other untrustworthy authors' copies of imaginary or forged gems—as, for example, those given on pp. 209, 284, 460, 823, 899, 932, and 1005, with many others, all of the most deceptive kind. The illustrations of coins are mostly quite worthless for the student, some actually being copies of that primitive method of numismatic illustration in which the coin is not given in its real size, and the letters of the legend are represented by a single black line; some of the worst examples are those on pp. 206, 826, and 864. Professor Gardner's excellent articles on the *As*, the *Denarius*, the *Hæcta*, and other coins deserved better treatment. In the article *Hæcta* the very blurred figure is worse than useless, as both examples are much enlarged without any warning to the reader that the coin is not of the size shown. Again, nothing can be more misleading to the real student of archaeology than to have set before him copies of the paintings from Pompeii taken from such works as the *Musæo Borbonico*, in which the supposed copies of these paintings are really in style, in detail, and in their whole character inventions of a modern Neapolitan artist; p. 463 has one among many examples of this.

To make matters worse, a great many absurdities have been introduced in the way of explanatory titles to the cuts. At p. 984 a late contorniate medal is called "a coin of Nero." At p. 494 the well-known columns of the temple of Castor in the Forum of Rome are labelled "temple of Jupiter Stator." Many other similar mistakes have arisen from the use of old illustrations, together with their old and faulty descriptions. One of the best of the few new illustrations that are to be found in this volume represents a wonderful little ivory statuette of an actor, from the collection of Alessandro Castellani. The title of this cut and the article it illustrates give no information as to the size or material of the figure, which is simply labelled "Cothurnus (Daremberg and Saglio)"; and this is unfortunately the case with most of the figures. In no way have books on archaeological subjects gained greater improvement during the last twenty or thirty years than in the quality and accuracy of their illustrations. In the older works, such as that on Sir William Hamilton's Vases, and the stately tomes which "illustrated" the treasures of the Naples and Vatican Museums, the object of the illustrator was to produce a graceful and pleasing picture, and if the original were in any way rough or ugly he smoothed it down to suit his own notion of what it ought to have been. Thus it is that this class of illustration is not only worthless for purposes of comparison and study, but is highly misleading to the student by giving him an utterly wrong notion of what the style of each object really is. Unfortunately, copies of engravings of this very deceptive class form an important proportion of the illustrations in the present volume. It is much to be regretted that the editors of this new edition have not realized the importance of having good illustrations, and, further, that no illustrations at all are better than

deceptive ones. This is the most serious blot on what is otherwise in the main a work of much merit. We may, perhaps, hope that the matter may be set right in a future edition, within a much shorter interval than the forty years and upwards which have elapsed between the issue of the second and third editions of this very popular and successful work, and that the second volume of the present edition, when it appears, may be found free from the faults which do so much to destroy the value of the first volume.

SOME COOKERY-BOOKS.

THE various cookery-book avatars of the late Isabella, Mrs. Beeton, are somewhat difficult to understand and follow. We have before us three reprints of different sizes and titles (Ward, Lock, & Co.)—*Mrs. Beeton's All about Cookery*, *Mrs. Beeton's Everyday Cookery*, and *Mrs. Beeton's Shilling Cookery*. These we believe (a belief supported by some evidence of prefaces) to be more or less ingenious hashes and *réchauffés* of the large *Book of Household Management*, on which Isabella did first expend her culinary talents—hashes suited to various purposes and pockets. They have all certain common features, such as the attempt to fix prices of dishes, and the illustration, in gorgeous colours or plain black and white, of legs of lamb, patty-pans, dishes of tartlets, and other objects, the pictorial reproduction of which (as generations of critics have in vain urged upon Isabella, her executors, administrators, and assigns) can in no way assist their preparation. But they are all in other ways practical and useful enough.

It is only fair to the author of *Hints on Cookery* (Spencer Blackett), translated from the French of Gabrielle le Brasseur, by Mary Hooper, to say that she has been abominably ill served by her translator. Indeed, the translation is so bad that we should think it likely to be all but, if not quite, unintelligible, to those who have not knowledge of cookery and of French enough to enable them to reconstruct the probable original for themselves—an operation of some interest if a man happens to have time at his disposal, but not one which ought to have to be performed. Apart, however, from this delinquency of Mrs. Hooper's (a delinquency for which we are sorry, as she has done some excellent original work in the service of Messrs. Gaster) the book is hardly a good one, though there are good things in it. It is one of those crosses between a cookery-book and a volume of miscellanies which the immense popularity of Brillat Savarin and a few others has induced many people to attempt, but few to achieve. The author's taste, moreover, seems to us, as far as it is original, to be not of the best. Still, there are wrinkles in the book, and we trust to put in practice a curious conceit of actually broiling artichokes naked on the grill.

Mme. Emilie Lebour-Fawcett's *French Cookery for Ladies by a Cordon Bleu* (Virtue & Co.) has a small share of the same faults; but they are redeemed by a very much greater allowance of merits. Mme. Lebour-Fawcett is a practical demonstrator on cookery; she has published some of these lectures before, and she accepts some strictures which were then passed on her, though she protests against others—in the matter of which, we can assure her, she was quite as wrong. She makes a few more mistakes of the same kind in the additional lectures, nearly always in making excursions beyond her proper business; and her assumptions of British denseness can only be justified by supposing that she has met very extraordinary people indeed. The gentleman who had never got except at Calais a very ordinary jam omelette; the lady who regarded John Dory as a costly fish, only to be costlier cooked, and hardly known in England; her own singular belief that what she calls "French" artichokes "cannot be grown here"—all these are instances of very curious delusions. However, there is no doubt that there is a great deal, and was a great deal more, of darkness to lighten on the subject of cookery in England, and Mme. Lebour-Fawcett's Lectures, both as delivered and as printed, may very likely have been, and be, the cause of lightening some of it. Her counsel is almost always good, and we do not know that the most valuable part of it is not the inculcation of the necessity of taking trouble. It is rather curious that the race which, on the whole, does more work than any other in the world is also the worst in the world for letting things slide, for saying "Oh, bother! what's the good of all that fuss?" and so on. As Mme. Lebour-Fawcett points out, explicitly sometimes, and implicitly, perhaps, more often than she is herself aware, the great and real secret of the superiority of French cookery is the amount of time, patience, and care expended on it. Whatever *élan* there may be in French fighting, there is just the reverse in French cookery. At things rapidly done—a broil, for instance—we are the Frenchman's masters, and we are also his superiors in knowing when to let a thoroughly good thing alone. We forget who it was who first discovered, or at least enounced, the great truth that the persistence of the French in "marinating," and so forth, things which ought to be left to their simple and perfect sapor—such as mutton, venison, salmon, red mullet, and the like—must be set down either to a natural deficiency in the power of apprehending delicate flavours, or else to the habitual consumption of second-rate and stale materials. No one who has eaten a broiled trout or grayling fresh from the water would dream of

soaking the poor beast for hours in wine and vinegar, and what not, unless his palate was hopelessly blunted. The educated Englishman thus has over the Frenchman the advantage that he can appreciate both styles. But it may frankly be admitted that the best material in the best condition is not always available, and then it is that the blessing of French cookery comes in.

Better still, because sticking more closely to business, is the *Practical Household Cookery* of M. E. Duret (Warne & Co.). The author, who has, we believe, had ample experience in managing London restaurants, and who is well acquainted, not merely with French, but with other Continental (especially Italian) cookery, has given here nearly nine hundred recipes, of which, we think, we may fairly say that they form the least hackneyed collection in a single volume of moderate size and price to be found in English. To find, for instance, in a cookery-book of the most modern type no less than eight recipes for cooking tripe is unusual; the development which M. Duret gives to the risotto is hardly less unusual, and may be more generally welcome, while his vegetable cookery generally deserves the highest praise, though it is weak in a few points. The special and peculiar merit of the book is its complete difference from the general run of cookery-books known in England, so that it may be used in addition to almost any one of them with great advantage. This is no small matter, for in a multitude of cookery-books, unless the cook be a real artist with a considerable intellect, there is not safety; the broth fares even worse with them than with too many cooks. One or two, on the other hand, deftly chosen to supplement each other, are highly to be recommended. We ought, perhaps, to observe that more than one or two of M. Duret's translations of French words into English are less happy than his directions for accommodating the things referred to.

A capital book too, again different, but again in a good kind, is Miss Hildagonda Duckitt's *Hilda's "Where Is It?" of Recipes* (Chapman & Hall), a most interesting collection of Cape Colony cookery, partly old Dutch, partly Indian and Malay. It is very well printed, and, according to an excellent plan becoming more and more common, freely interleaved with blank paper for comment and addition. Next to that joy, so often sighed for, of a new beast to eat—and fortunately not so unattainable—ranks, in the heart of those who, in Johnson's noble words, "mind their bellies," the joy of perusing new and outlandish ways of cooking the same old beasts. Of course all of *Hilda* is not new; but much is, and even what is not is often newly put. Sometimes her phraseology is defective—as where she talks of "roasting, not in an oven [why, no!], but in a flat round Dutch baking-pot," which we presently discover to be a sort of braising-pan with conveniences for exposing the subject to fire above as well as below. No doubt you can cook admirably in such a vessel, but it is not roasting. This, however, is a mere question of phraseology; not so, perhaps, the instruction to take for broiling "a nice tender steak about half an inch thick." Three-quarters and, better, a full inch is the least that should be admitted. But "Biltong" is excellent; "blatjang," a kind of chutney or salmagundy, must be noble; "bobotee" is not new to us, but it is good; and we have no doubt "gesmoorde hoender," a distant cousin of Marengo chicken, is so likewise. We dare say "kluitjes" are nice, and "engelegte," or potted fish, must be. "Vanderhum," which seems to be a sort of Cape curaçao, ought to be comfortable; and we believe an "ouderwetse pasty" to be the identical receipt for chicken pie which the Antiquary had inherited from his Dutch ancestors. At the end of her preface Miss Duckitt says:—"Farewell, and smakelyk eten." We haven't the least idea what it means; but, if it is nice and something which may be properly said to a lady, we reply, "Thank you, and smakelyk eten by all means."

It would appear that private friends have anticipated the public critic in mildly asking Miss Cameron, the author of *Soups and Stews* [*prière de prononcer "Stoos"*] and *Choice Ragouts* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), under which of these three heads, you class cherry brandy, princess cakes, rice creams à la métropole, and fried smelts—all of which, with hundreds of other things, appear in her book. To which, it seems, she answers, in effect, if not in such rude words, that her title is her own, and she likes it. As a matter of fact, cherry brandy is, no doubt, quite as comforting to the soul if you call it a choice ragout; but that does not convince us that it is. The recipes, however, are all good enough; and that is the only thing that matters now or will matter "a hundred years hence."

Eggs, English and Foreign Ways of Cooking Them, by Mrs. H. C. Davidson (W. H. Allen & Co.), is a useful little manual. Counting tortillas, omelettes, *fondus*, and so forth, there are over a hundred and fifty recipes, which will vary a good many breakfasts.

Of two other little books before us, Mrs. De Salis's *Tempting Dishes for Small Incomes* (Longmans), and Mr. Herbert's *Salads and Sandwiches* (Sampson, Low & Co.), we can speak fairly well. But Mrs. De Salis may seem to have forgotten that, though an eighteenpenny book may suit small incomes, a series of ten or twelve such comes rather dear. And Mr. Herbert's tables "goose: as duck," "gosling: as duck," and so forth, suppose an infra-human want of imagination in a cook.

GENERAL OGLETHORPE.*

IN the summer of 1785 Miss Hannah More wrote to a friend, "I am just going to flirt a couple of hours with my beau, General Oglethorpe." A few weeks earlier Horace Walpole had written to Sir Horace Mann of this same gay and gallant gentleman that, although he was ninety-five, he had all the activity of youth. "His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom. Two years and a half ago he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor—I could carry a cannon as easily as let off a pistol." This encouraging antediluvian was, in fact, a little older than Walpole thought; for when he died, on the 1st of July, 1785, he was found to be in his ninety-seventh year. James Edward Oglethorpe is not entirely forgotten yet; he lives in a line of Pope, a eulogy of Thomson, a phrase of Johnson, a whim of Boswell; and, besides all these, he survives as a gallant, brisk, and philanthropic adventurer.

In following the career of General Oglethorpe, we have a curious impression that the eighteenth century is being unrolled rapidly and vaguely before us in the form of a vast panorama. Names and events never mentioned together before succeed one another in the record of this vast life of respectable activity. The man that survived to flirt with Hannah More was old enough to have been popularly supposed to be foster-brother to the Old Pretender. As a young man he served under Marlborough; and in 1714 the great and good George Berkeley "rode post" with him "to the King's mother at Turin." He followed the bold Prince Eugene to the wars, and came back to be a high Tory M.P. for Haslemere (deftably misprinted Hazlemere through this volume) under Sir Robert Walpole. But it was not until 1729 that he began to be prominent as a public man. In that year he rendered a precious service to society by forcing on the attention of Parliament the cruelties which went on in debtors' gaols, and by acting as chairman of a Committee which inspected those prisons and reformed their crying abuses. For this good work, Oglethorpe has his reward in a well-known passage inserted in a late edition of Thomson's *Spring*, where, however, his name is not actually mentioned.

The time, however, was now approaching in which all England should be called upon to appreciate the qualities which Pope was presently to immortalize in his *Imitation of the Second Epistle*:—

One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

The mixture of restlessness, philanthropy, and love of adventure which made up the character of this interesting man, led Colonel Oglethorpe, as he was then styled, to start in 1732, at the head of a large body of emigrants, to found the new colony of Georgia. There is a pleasant element of romance in the record of the arrival at Charleston, the push on to new ground, the encampment under four beautiful pines, and the rapid laying out of the city of Savannah. There was no danger in the adventure; the only Indian nation within fifty miles was settled on Yamacraw Bluff, under a gentle chief, Tomo-chi-chi, whose name was destined to become familiar to English ears. In 1734 a body of Protestant Austrian exiles, driven from their homes by the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, came out to Savannah as emigrants; and this gentle termination to sufferings which had greatly affected English sentiment drew fresh attention to Oglethorpe and Georgia. The gallant general thought of a happy plan by which to heighten this interest; he induced King Tomo-chi-chi and a number of other Cherokee Indians to accompany him to London. The welcome they received and the curiosity they awakened were beyond his hopes. The chiefs were almost immediately taken to Kensington Palace, where the Duke of Grafton presented them to their Majesties. There was only one disappointment. "The war-captain and other attendants of Tomo-chi-chi were very unfortunate," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "to appear in Court in the manner they go in their own country"—that is to say, naked—and Oglethorpe had some difficulty in "dissuading them from it." However, by encouraging them to dress "in scarlet trimmed with gold," and to wear "bearded arrows instead of whiskers," they were at last induced to consent to conceal from their Majesties of England all the more striking portions of their athletic figures. After spending four months in England, during all which time "they were entertained in the most agreeable manner possible," the Indians went back to Georgia, whither Oglethorpe immediately followed them, wafted across the ocean by a splendid folio ode from the pen of Samuel Wesley, junior. He arrived to find his Botanical Gardens in Savannah blooming under the care of Sir Hans Sloane.

How General Oglethorpe vindicated the frontiers of Georgia, and built Fredericia to keep Spain in check; how he made treaties with the Choctaws and won the hearts of the Cherokees; how the Wesleys came out to him, and "discovered to him the whole mystery of iniquity," managing to pick a hopeless quarrel with the Governor in the space of sixteen days; how for five years, the last of the old Spain-hating buccaniers, Oglethorpe skirmished with the Spaniards from South Carolina to Florida—all this we have no space to enter upon in detail. We cannot praise Mr. Bruce's volume for any other quality than for the patient col-

lection of material which has been already printed, and which he reprints crudely, with scarcely a semblance of biographical composition. We are, nevertheless, glad to possess a book which contains, in however rough a form, the facts about so picturesque and spirited a personage as General James Oglethorpe.

DUTT'S ANCIENT INDIA.*

THE appearance of a work of research, in three goodly volumes, by a writer resident in the sporting district of Mymensingh in Eastern Bengal, may excite a little surprise. A Civilian of the old school at such a place would in all probability have written for his contemporaries a Magistrate's Guide to the Regulations, or a Handy Book on Revenue Law and the Settlement of new Estates thrown up by wide Rivers; or he might publish a work showing how wild boars could be speared and tigers shot in the comparatively virgin soil of the Madhupur jungle. In the present instance the author, a native gentleman, a member of the Civil Service, a barrister of the Middle Temple to boot, belonging to one of the eight Houses of the second branch of the Kayast caste, has undertaken to produce a picture of ancient Hindu civilization from the earliest or Vedic period down to the times just anterior to the Muhammadan conquest. He may be fairly credited with a turn for investigation, with the methodical arrangement of materials which becomes second nature to an official who is always being called on by Government for a report on some controverted subject or other, with a knowledge of the present social condition of his own countrymen taken at first hand, and with an earnest desire to lift the veil of darkness which covers the early progress of the Aryans. We presume that he has a fair knowledge of Sanskrit, though he relies more on the discoveries of European scholars and archaeologists than on his own linguistic attainments, and it is to his credit that his style is, though diffuse, generally readable and clear. The main deductions from his three volumes, making up in all more than eleven hundred pages, to which no exception can be taken, and which are justified by the researches of such scholars as Burnouf, H. H. Wilson, Raja Radha Kant Deb, Professor Max Müller, and others, may be summed up as follows:—

In the twilight of history the Aryan conquerors, whether preceded by Turanians or not, came down and settled in the Punjab. This settlement lasted from 2000 to 1400 B.C. During this period—and, according to the best authorities, about the year 1500 B.C.—the Vedas were originally composed. It was a period of conquest, of agriculture, and of a pure and simple religion. There was no idolatry and, possibly, no temples. Each householder worshipped the gods of the elements or the god of the shepherds, and offered milk, rice, and the inevitable Soma juice on his own hearth. It was the age of Rishis, or saintly teachers, and of warrior kings. In the second epoch the Aryan invaders encroached on the Doab, or Interamnis of the Ganges and the Jumna; carved out principalities; and built capitals near the modern Delhi, at Kanouj, in Oudh, and at Benares. The Brahmans vigorously asserted their power. Distinct trades and occupations stiffened into castes. This was also the age of the great war between the Pandus and the Kurus, and of those Sanskrit compositions known as the Brahmanas and the Upanishads, and it may extend from 1400 to 1000 B.C. The third period is rich in grammar, logic, and philosophy. It witnessed the rise and expansion of Buddhism, the establishment of a powerful kingdom in Magadha or South Behar, and it abounds in subtle thoughts and ingenious speculations. With the reign of Asoka, the mighty Buddhist monarch, the fourth epoch begins at 250 B.C. and comes down to the year 500 of our era. The last, or fifth epoch, reaches from the period when Buddhism declined, to the end of the twelfth century, when the Mussulmans overthrew the effete dynasties of Upper and Central India, and laid the foundation of the polyglot empire which we are governing to-day. This history, if it may so be termed, of more than three thousand years, is illustrated by apposite quotations from the Vedas; by epitomes of those heroic or epic which still have such a wonderful fascination for Hindus of all ranks and castes; by translations of the celebrated edicts of Asoka; by comparisons between the simple worship of the Vedic era and the elaborate ritual of the Pauranic and idolatrous age; by disquisitions on the origin of castes, the position of women, the levy of taxation, and the administration of the law; by notices of Hindu society as it appeared to two or three adventurous travellers from China and from Greece; and by some of those poetic renderings of the works of Kalidasa and other dramatists which we owe to the late H. H. Wilson and to Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Tawney. The officials and the students who have not the time or the talent for original research will find in these three volumes a very fair and connected account of the literature, the religion, and the architecture of the Hindus.

But we must demur to several of the conclusions which the author has thought himself justified in making from this wide survey, and we shall have to notice several not unimportant errors in facts and dates. In the first place, he has assumed that the

* *Life of General Oglethorpe.* By Henry Bruce. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.

* *A History of Civilization in Ancient India, based on Sanskrit Literature.* By Romesh Chunder Dutt, of the Bengal Civil Service, and Barrister-at-Law, Middle Temple. Author of a Bengali Translation of the Rig Veda Sanhita, and other works. 3 vols. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

ancient Hindus in the Vedic times possessed all requisites for self-government and displayed a capacity for freedom, as such privileges are understood, preached, and propagated in our own age. He is constantly applying to cloudy and indistinct pictures of society, pieced together out of incidental allusions and doubtful facts, such phrases as the following. Some eighty or ninety generations ago the Hindus were full of "political life." They displayed "the liberties and energies of a free people." There came a time when they ceased to be a free people. They had been in the enjoyment of a "Republican form of government." They sank into "political lifelessness." They ceased to exercise a "manly freedom," and to show "political unity" and so on, at the conclusion of some particular epoch. It seems to have occurred to Mr. Dutt that by indenting on a Radical programme and standing on a progressive platform, he could really bring his readers to believe that there was a period in Oriental history when the people spoke and the Raja only listened, when all sections of the community governed themselves, and when priestly arrogance and kingly pride were quite unknown. It is true that the tyranny of caste and the predominance of Brahmins are the creations of a later and degenerate age, but there is not the smallest trustworthy evidence to show that the early Aryan conquerors were at all different from Sesostris or Nimrod, or that they governed by maxims and agencies other than those familiar to the average modern Oriental despot. The author must be classed in this respect with the worthy Roman citizen of Macaulay's ballads, who was much given to pining after good old times that had never existed. True history cannot be evolved out of such fancies, any more than can a new India rise out of the flaccid orations of the members of the Congress who delude themselves into the belief that they are sent on a mission to complete or to revolutionize the policy of Cornwallis, Elphinstone, and Munro.

Now, what has the author to say about the origin, development, and spread of the caste system? He may be quite right in assigning to the Codes of Manu a later date than 900 B.C. But he undervalues the importance of those famous Institutes, and he applies most uncomplimentary terms to Manu or whoever compiled the work, as well as to those who put faith in him. Manu, it seems, was all wrong in his description of the origin of the mixed or lower castes, and in his theory that they were created by the combination of men and women belonging to the few parent castes; Brahman fathers and Sudra women, or Kshatriya males and Brahman mothers. The author with all his research does not once mention any one of the three well-known works of Sir M. Monier-Williams—his *Religious Thought in India*, his *Indian Wisdom*, and his recent *Buddhism*. A far better and more probable account of the caste system is to be found in the second of Sir Monier's works. Mr. Dutt's explanations are given in a much too confident and sweeping fashion. The ramifications of caste probably spread in one, two, or three ways. After the first settlement of the agricultural Aryans in Upper India, there arose a non-agricultural population which had leisure to turn to trades, arts, and domestic service. As society progressed, men of different occupations became more and more separated and ceased to intermarry. Whole tribes of aborigines may have taken rank as low Hindu castes. Some new castes were, no doubt, the offspring of those mixed marriages of Manu which the author treats as mythical. Many things are myths in these days in the eyes of those who take a theory and an hypothesis to be its own evidence. Sir M. Monier-Williams suggests that the formation of hard lines of separation was more the result of gradual and natural adjustment than of preconcerted plan. Caste in our times is usually rigid, and then unaccountably elastic. We are surprised by a statement at p. 153, vol. iii., that the castes speaking the Bengali language number only about one hundred. We will undertake, with no very extraordinary research, at least to double that number. In one district alone, Rajshahye, we find over one hundred castes, and in Eastern and Western Bengal, in lists comprising professions and titles universal in the Lower Provinces, we constantly come on now and unexpected varieties and divisions. And however reformers may regret the obstruction caused by these barriers to social progress, it is quite certain that in an age of turbulence and amidst revolutions and conquests, caste had a conservative and a beneficial effect. Within certain limits it sharpened the faculties. It perfected the mechanic's skill. It handed on artistic taste and perception from one generation to another. It really kept together the framework of society which it seemed to divide. From a Kayast of Lower Bengal we should have expected a more detailed notice of the five Brahmins and their five attendants whom the reigning monarch of the Lower Ganges borrowed from Kanouj somewhere about the tenth century A.D. He should have told us more anent the distinctions between the Rarhi and the Varendra Brahmins. The former were at first confined to the country on the right bank of the Ganges, and the latter to that on the left. This would have been worth more than pages about Brahminical monopolies of honour and social degradation and contempt. Nor does Mr. Dutt appear to be aware that, in the South of India, the contempt in which certain low castes are still held by Brahmins and by men far inferior to Brahmins, is never shown to even the lowest classes of Sudras in Bengal.

An illustration of the danger of drawing pictures or photographs, as Mr. Dutt gravely terms them in one passage, from mere glimpses of society given by grammarians, dramatists, and

compilers of codes, is afforded by the rise and disappearance of Buddhism. In an age of caste, ceremonial, and sacerdotal ascendancy a great reformer makes his appearance, preaching the equality of all men, purity and simplicity of worship, and a code of high morality. He draws converts from all classes from peasants to kings. His followers multiply and erect or carve out magnificent monuments. Buddhism and Brahmanism exist in close proximity for something like a thousand years. Then the priestly order recovers its ascendancy over kings and cultivators, and the Buddhist religion disappears from India. By what means was this wonderful change effected? We cannot be quite positive. Some writers have charitably supposed that Buddhists were mildly ejected as trespassers under a well-known legal formula. There was no persecution, violence, or bloodshed. Unluckily, such evidence as we find in monuments, inscriptions, and sculptures tells a different story. Mr. Dutt himself calls up a certain king called Nara, who persecuted Buddhists, burnt numerous monasteries, and handed over villages assigned for their support to virtuous and philosophical Brahmins. The successor of the above king, named Mihirakula, conquered India down to the Carnatic and, overrunning Ceylon in his victorious progress, dealt hard measure to the rival religion. Houn Tsang, the Chinese traveller of the seventh century of our era, bears his testimony to persecution by this sanguinary monarch, who, after overthrowing other kings and destroying stupas, slew "myriads of people." The mild Asoka, we may remark, had previously lamented that he had been compelled to do the same. Houn Tsang also mentions the quarrels of Buddhist priests with each other, of which the Brahmins of Kalinja were not slow to take advantage. Sankara Acharya, of the eighth century A.D., was a relentless enemy of the Buddhists. It requires no extravagant hypothesis or wide stretch of imagination to be tolerably certain that there must have been *bella plus quam civilia* between Brahmins and Buddhists before the latter gave way. Were such antagonists less likely to resort to violence than Muhammadans and Hindus, fanatics and idolaters, in our own time?

The author persists in bringing down the golden age of purity, if it ever existed, to a much later period than can be conceded. Sati, which he properly condemns as unnatural and barbarous, was, he says, introduced centuries after Manu. In one passage he asserts that the rite is first mentioned in 900 A.D., and he fixes Manu to the second century B.C. We must remind him that Sati is mentioned by the Roman poet Propertius, in some well-known lines, and that it was familiar to Cicero, to Strabo, and to Valerius Maximus. A very graphic and picturesque account of a Sati is to be found in Diodorus Siculus, who describes the death of a Hindu Raja in a battle fought between Antigonus and Eumenes, B.C. 316. It is evidently copied from the journal or memoranda of an eyewitness. Two wives of the deceased warrior contended for the privilege of burning with their lord and master. It is impossible that the repeated allusions of classical writers can have depended on a solitary case witnessed by an adventurous traveller who had penetrated to the Sutlej or the Jumna. They can only be explained by the habitual occurrence of Sati at least a thousand years prior to the date here assigned for its first celebration. We must also tell Mr. Dutt that, whatever similarity there may be between the precepts of Buddhism and the Christian religion, the lives of their founders are not taken from what he seems to think are "legends" of the same historical value. It is, moreover, characteristic of the well-known modesty of the Bengali to assert that the civilized world is deeply indebted to India for a higher system of ethics and a nobler code of morality. In his summary of the laws of Manu he omits to mention the positive sanction accorded by that legislator to perjury in open court, when it is uttered with a wish to save life—that is, to screen murderers. On trifling errors we need not be hard. Where did the author discover that the bread-fruit is indigenous in Assam? And when he quotes some line from a "Christian poet," it might be thought that he is referring to Cardinal Newman or Keble. We should doubt if he knew that he was really quoting from the noble hymn which Scott—unquestionably a Christian and a believer—puts into the mouth of Rebecca the Jewess in *Ivanhoe*. And here he makes two minor blunders in four lines. He should in future verify his quotations, and submit his next work to the revision of some candid friend.

PYRARD'S VOYAGE.*

ONE should not look a gift-horse in the mouth, and neither is there any wisdom in throwing words away. So it is, perhaps, doubly wrong to begin our review of this excellent translation of François Pyrard of Laval by complaining that it is not something else, and something English. Yet, after all, why should an English Historical Society give us Pyrard when Gage's *New Survey*—to name only one work by a countryman of our own—is crying out for reprinting and editing? And, then,

* *The Voyage of François Pyrard of Laval to the East Indies, the Maldives, the Moluccas, and Brazil*. Translated into English from the third French edition of 1619, and edited, with Notes, by Albert Gray, formerly of the Ceylon Civil Service; assisted by H. C. P. Bell, of the Ceylon Civil Service. 2 vols. London: printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1887-90.

what a boon would a good new edition of Purchas be to the ingenuous reader! As for Hakluyt, the gorge of the too candid book-buyer rises when he remembers what has happened to him. These two—Hakluyt first, and Purchas afterwards—should surely be the first care of a native Society. They are in different degrees costly and inaccessible. Parts of them are reprinted; but that is not enough. What the student wants is the whole of them, revised, annotated, retranslated, if necessary, but only where the necessity is very clear. At any rate one wants the "body of history" they compiled put within reach. To be sure this cry has been sent up often enough; but it skills not. Nevertheless, fortified by the parable of the widow and the unjust judge (the Hakluyt Society must forgive us the comparison), we shall continue to clamour. So much as preliminary; and now for François Pyrard of Laval.

Mr. Albert Gray, who acknowledges the aid given him by Mr. H. C. P. Bell, has taken the third edition of the original work. In a long, but not unduly long, introduction he sketches the history of the book. It does not differ in essentials from that of several seventeenth-century books. François Pyrard, on his return home in 1611, published a first account of his voyages in one volume. It had some vogue, and poor Pyrard was tempted, perhaps was driven, by poverty and ill-health to hang about various patrons at Paris. Being an ingenious person who had seen cities of men, and withal of sociable, convivial habits, he came much in the way of literary gentlemen, who heard his stories and saw they were of the stuff of which copy was to be made. With the help of one of them, either Jerome Bignon or Pierre Bergeron, he brought out second and third editions, revised and enlarged. Of course other literary gentlemen—the learned Huet for one, and that candid, good-natured Tallemant des Réaux for another—carefully recorded it as evidence that the literary gentlemen did the book really. Pyrard, so they said, was too drunken, and too generally incapable, to have produced a work *de longue haleine*. To this Mr. Gray justly objects that no literary gentleman of the time, Parisian or other, can possibly have known anything of the Maldives—the account of which is the most original part of Pyrard's book—of their own knowledge. What they knew they learnt from him, who was the only European who passed any time in the islands till officers of the old Indian navy surveyed them in this century. The literary gentlemen may have helped Pyrard to pad parts of his book—the account of Goa in particular—by plagiarisms from Linschoten. The literary ethics of the time permitted the practice; but, in the main, their share in the work was confined to buckwashing—a useful form of industry of which they were, and are, apt to exaggerate the dignity and the value. It is enough for Pyrard's honour that his account of the Maldives, long the only full one, has been found by modern travellers to be not only substantially, but even minutely, accurate when he claims to be speaking from his own experience. A rather worthless fourth edition was published after Pyrard's death, which is supposed to have occurred in 1621. Mr. Gray acknowledges his obligations to an annotated translation brought out at Goa, in 1858-62, by Senhor Joaquim Heliodoro da Cunha Rivara.

Pyrard is himself very good company. The voyage on which he sailed for the East was almost contemporary with the first of our own East India Company's trading expeditions to the East. It left St. Malo in 1601, and consisted of two ships, the *Croissant* and the *Corbin*, Pyrard himself going in the second. She was wrecked through the combined incompetence, illness, and drunkenness of her officers on the Goidû Atoll of the Maldives. The great majority of the crew came to miserable ends in one way or another, but Pyrard wrought through many adventures, and successive captivities to Kings of the Maldives, pirate lords on the Malabar coast, and the Portuguese at Goa, back to France by way of Brazil and Galicia. He very frankly confesses that he owed his safety very much to the fact that he was, like Henry VIII.'s courtier, of the race of the reed, and not of the oak. Thus, in describing his dangerous position among the jealous Portuguese at Goa, he says:—

I was well forewarned by the example of others, as of an English ship's boat on the coast of Melinde, near the Zanzibar Islands, which they took (as I shall describe hereafter), finding a man on board with the lead in his hand, sounding and reconnoitring the coast; him they put cruelly to death in manner they are not wont to use to other foreigners, and though I confess that I have but little of a high spirit, yet did I lead them to believe I had much less, for fear of giving them a bad opinion of me.

The English ship's boat belonged to the *Union*, one of the East India Company's early ventures, and her fate helps to explain how Middleton and Lancaster had so little scruple in attacking the Portuguese in the East Indies by sea or land. Pyrard shows that they were easy enough to attack then. Their lumbering carracks and unarmed up-country ships, always ill manned and overlaiden, fell an easy prey to the well-appointed Dutch and English cruisers. Besides, whatever martial qualities the Portuguese once had were withering in the early seventeenth century. In Pyrard's opinion they were poor fighters by sea or land, though individual men—Andrés Furtado de Mendoga, who defended Malacca; Estevão de Ataíde, who beat the Dutch off at Mozambique; or Bras Correa, for instance—were officers of conduct and resolution. Mr. Gray, by the way, is mistaken in thinking that Bras Correa's great feat, the really most heroic defence of the carrack *Cinco Chagas* against the Earl of

Cumberland's squadron off the Azores, has never been properly recorded in English. There is a capital account of it in Southey's life of the Earl in the Admirals. She beat three English ships to a standstill, and blew up finally with her flag flying. We are so much in the habit of looking only at the nobler side of our Elizabethans that we perhaps shrink from recording more than we can help—the ugly fact that Cumberland's men shot all the Portuguese survivors who were swimming in the water except a few, including Bras Correa himself, who looked capable of paying a ransom. If this had been done by Flores de Valdez, or Martinez de Recalde, it would have been copiously recorded as a telling example of Popish Spanish cruelty. In spite, however, of a few isolated pieces of gallant fighting of this quality, the Portuguese of the latter sixteenth and the seventeenth century had ceased to be formidable enemies. They were for the most part mere traders, always ready to strike on assurance of quarter. Their posts had been extended altogether beyond their power to supply garrisons, and when Pyrard was in their hands the Dutch were able to blockade Goa itself with impunity.

His picture of the great Portuguese port, though not the most original portion of his two volumes, is interesting. As has been already said, there are many signs that he saved himself from the trouble of referring to his memory for what he added to his later editions about the Portuguese Government by simply pillaging Linschoten, whose work had been translated into French in 1610. Unlike most modern travellers Pyrard is much more concerned with the manners and customs of the strange peoples among whom he lived than with himself. At times he carried this modesty of his to undue lengths. For example, it appears that he was impressed by the Portuguese for two voyages from Goa—one to Malacca, another to Ormuz—but he says nothing about his own experiences. On the whole he was not ill-treated by his European captors. One of the Portuguese, a certain Furtado—a half-breed of much the same stamp as the "Capitão Mor" of to-day in Mozambique—who first took him prisoner in Malabar, was a brute. He, however, was an exception. As soon as the Portuguese found out that Pyrard was not a "Luterano," but a good Catholic, they treated him humanely enough. He was admitted into the magnificent hospital of Goa, at that time the finest in the world; and when he was convalescent was, after a short term of imprisonment, left at liberty. It was by the kindness of Andrés Furtado de Mendoga, and of a gentleman named Abreu, that he was enabled to at last return to Europe. But although his picture of Goa in its best epoch of splendour has interest, the first part of his work, which contains the account of the Maldives, will always be the most valuable, as it is the most original. The *Corbin* seems to have been lost on them through the faults which have been the ruin of many French naval and colonial enterprises—personal jealousies and want of discipline. Perhaps his experience on board her excuses Pyrard's sweeping sentence that "all seamen while at sea are barbarous, cruel, uncivil wretches, with no respect of persons—in short, very devils incarnate; while on shore they are very angels." This difference between the seafaring man at sea and on shore seems to have struck Pyrard a good deal; for he is careful to note elsewhere that the Malabar pirate princes were very gallant and honourable gentlemen on dry land. The trader who met them on their own element would, he allows, form another opinion. After the wreck Pyrard escaped the evil fortune of the bulk of the *Corbin's* crew by making himself humble. A great native lord protected him first, and then the King was his good friend. It may be noted that Pyrard, like most of the early European travellers in the East, felt no sense of superiority to the natives. He admires the greatness of their princes and lords, and is full of admiration of the ingenuity and industry of their workmen. Thanks to the protection he earned by making himself small and useful, Pyrard was able to spend several years in the Maldives apparently in some comfort. He learnt the language and observed the customs of the people. On these last he becomes so very outspoken as to drive his translator to take refuge in a note and the use of the Latin language. "Pyrard addit hæc," says Mr. Gray; and the *hæc* need all the decent covering a learned language can supply. When called upon by the Maldivian ladies to give an account of the manners and customs of his own people, Pyrard answered with judgment. He astounded them by the information that the King of France, though so great a prince, had but one wife. From a subject of *Le Vert Galant* the evidence showed more regard for the letter than the spirit of the truth. His further report that the ladies "of these parts"—France, to wit—"had no male intimates but their husbands" "vastly amazed" the Maldivian ladies. If they had been acquainted with contemporary French literature their amazement at the confidence of Pyrard would, we are afraid, have been not less vast. The Maldivian ladies were, for their part, not unworthy of a place in Brantôme's gallery. Pyrard has many stories to tell of them. The most innocent is that of the lady who, out of coquetry, would often show Pyrard her arm, which "was as white as that of the fairest in our country here." It will interest men of fence among us to learn that among the great officers of the Maldivian kingdom were the State fencing-masters, who enjoyed places of great dignity and emolument. The office was called "*Esdrú*, one of the most honourable offices in the land, requiring great capacity and experience." Of their fence and their academies, of which there were two, Pyrard, we regret to state, reports but briefly, not being one who, for his own particular, loved to meddle with cold iron. His account of

the Maldives is too copious to be fairly shown by extracts; but it is a striking picture of this unique kingdom of islands. Standing, as it does, half-way between Ibn Batuta and the modern surveying officers, and confirming them both, it is a curious illustration of the unchanging character of the East. Pyrrard was carried off from the Maldives by a raid of Malabar pirates. The new chapter in his life is only less interesting than the old. Bengal, with its swarming cities and the strange half-piratical, half-commercial Nair cities of the southern coast, are drawn by him with the same directness as the thousand little islands of the Maldives. A final quotation will be the best way of showing the simplicity of the man, which kept him in harmony with the old-world peoples among whom he was thrown:—"They [the people of Malabar] all complain of the apparitions of demons, and the harm they suffer from them, as at the Maldives, and in all those parts there are Gentiles and Mahometans, which things, I believe, happen to them for their not believing in the Christian faith, and so being still under the power of the demons." He was terribly frightened one night in a mosque, but it turned out to be mere humans on the roof; still, one sees he quite took those devils for granted.

THE LYRE OF THE ELEGANCES.*

WHEN, in 1867, the first edition of *Lyra Elegantiarum* appeared, it was welcomed as a valuable addition to that worthier series of poetical anthologies of which Professor Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* had, six years earlier, set the pattern. That is to say, it was at once recognized as something widely different from those irresponsible collections which are conceived without thought and executed without a conscience. On the contrary, it was abundantly clear from the editor's introductory words that he had definite ideas as to the kind of verse of which he proposed to offer specimens, and since the publication of his book, no description of the "lighter lyre" has been held to be complete which neglected to borrow its confirmatory quotation from the neatly turned axioms of the preface to *Lyra Elegantiarum*. But it is one thing to define with precision and another to exemplify, and some who passed from Mr. Locker's precepts to the pages that followed were not entirely satisfied that the examples given, always excellent in themselves as they were, and always testifying to the fine taste of their selector, could, in every case, be regarded strictly as "social" or "occasional verse." Those who were wiser, contented themselves with accepting the volume for what it was—an independent selection by an expert who, having proved his ability by his own achievement, had honestly given to the world those pieces which he really liked himself, and had thus communicated to his work that indefinable individual *cachet* which is better than all the foot-rules in Christendom. And if it was sometimes difficult to compel the pieces chosen into this or that category, we could at least test the editor's canons by his own admirable *London Lyrics*, in which they were far more exactly illustrated. But, as time passed on, other collectors succeeded to Mr. Locker. The boundaries he had marked modestly and tentatively were ignored altogether, and the title of *vers de société* began to be applied indiscriminately to almost every kind of non-serious composition which could be made to figure as a novelty in a fresh anthology. People saw with astonishment pieces grotesque and pieces humorous, pieces extravagant and pieces fantastic, burlesques and parodies, *jeux d'esprit* and epigrams, all masquerading as social verse, and apparently as little at ease in each other's company as the ill-assorted administration described by Burke. From their variety these miscellanies pleased "the general"; they were quotable, and, like Præd's belle, they were "extremely quoted" by reviewers; and last, but not least, they sold. Hereupon another and a sadder thing befell. The practitioners of the "big [and little] bow-wow styles" in metre, the Poets proper, with a capital "P," began to discover that, whatever *vers de société* might be, they plainly were not poetry—

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.

The thin gentleman who did the *Argonautica* into faint Tennysonian echoes ("mere chaff and druff, much better burnt"), the stout gentleman who by long practice could pack exactly two platitudes and a quarter into the compass of a sonnet, the bald gentleman who littered his pseudo-Jacobean stage "with bombard-phrase and foot and half-foot words," were all agreed upon this point. Never in such light and lawless wise were the severer Muses cultivated. And so on, with endless variation on that antique theme, *Ne sutor*.

Leaving, however, the curiosities of criticism and the discords of definition, it is pleasant to turn to the revised edition of *Lyra Elegantiarum* which has just been added to the series of volumes known as the "Minerva Library of Famous Books." With the judicious aid of Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Locker—now Mr. Locker-Lampson—has considerably extended, and at the same time to some extent contracted, his earlier gathering. The terms of his preface, too, are slightly modified (it is so good that it would have been a pity to modify it more), and the wider "occa-

* *Lyra Elegantiarum*: a Collection of some of the best Social and Occasional Verse by deceased English Authors. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Frederick Locker-Lampson, assisted by Coulson Kernahan. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1891.

sional verse" is nearly always substituted for the old *vers de société*. As regards the selection itself, it is richer by a large number of additions, notably the Landor pieces, which, owing to what a great one calls a "conthratong," were absent from the first issue, and also by those of Thackeray's verses which the editor was formerly unable to obtain permission to publish. From the late Mortimer Collins is borrowed "My Thrush," the most nearly-perfect poem which that exceptionally gifted but exceedingly unequal wit and lyricist ever produced; from poor Jeffery Prowse, "My Lost Old Age"; and there are three examples of the fluent and facile rhymes of Henry S. Leigh, of which "My Love and my Heart" is, perhaps, the best. From Browning and Lord Houghton, from Calverley, Planché, Shirley Brooks, levies have also been made, and we are glad to note that, among the older pieces, the editors have found room for the beautiful lines of Prior to "My noble, lovely, little Peggy" (Lady Margaret Cavendish Holles-Harley), and for the stanzas beginning "Spare, generous Victor, spare the Slave." These and other recruits add greatly to the value of a volume the merits of which have been too long established to need any further praise. In its present form, and at its present price, it is not likely to be soon superseded.

ESSAYS IN LITTLE.*

IF it is well to judge by first-fruits (and, generally speaking, the judgment is right), the new "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour" should compass the very laudable designs of its projectors. The first monthly volume of the new series may fairly be said to be a-flush with the finest promise. Mr. Andrew Lang's *Essays in Little* is one of the most entertaining and bracing of books. Full of bright and engaging discourse on man, woman, and letters, these charming and recreative *Essays* are the best of good reading for those who read in chance half-hours of the burdened day. Hard must be "the cynic's lips" from which Mr. Lang's sportive pen does not "dislodge the sneer," harder that "brow of care" whose wrinkles refuse to be smoothed by Mr. Lang's gentle sarcasms and agreeable raillery. Truly is it said, in the prospectus to the "Whitefriars Library," that men want to be amused as well as taught "in these high-pressure times," and if they want but little, assuredly they like it Lang. Of these *Essays*, some are new, some reprints, and some have been re-fashioned since their original appearance in newspapers. Those on Thackeray and Dickens from *Good Words*, that on Dumas from *Scribner's Magazine*, and that on M. de Banville from the *New Quarterly*, reveal another mood of the critical spirit than those Protean guises of banter and mockery and freakishness that delight us in the whimsical examination of the poet Haynes Bayly, and the diverting inquiry into the decay of the Fashionable Novel. Those who know Thackeray or Dickens, as a man may be said to know who is crammed for an examination, might well be sceptical as to the possibility of saying anything that is new or notable and true of these writers. Yet Mr. Lang has achieved nothing less than this in his observations on the obscurity of Dickens's plots, where one is lost as in a maze of pleasance; and yet more in the excellent comparison of the pathetic in Dickens and in Thackeray. Here, though the wings of the critical Ariel are folded but seldom, the critic is undisguised, and the gain is certainly the reader's. But when Mr. Lang turns him to the writings of living men who have lived to be discussed, to Mr. Louis Stevenson, for example, or to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, it will be noted by the curious investigator that his critical method is inspired by the most genial goodwill towards these authors and their fortunate readers. He bids the latter to a feast of surpassing excellence. Let them fall to like men, and mind not the defects of the ordering of the banquet. Happy are they, happy are we, happy the world that contains ye—such is Mr. Lang's admonishment. Mr. Kipling's faults are all on the surface, therefore let them bide. As to Mr. Stevenson, his *Master of Ballantrae* might have been his *Bride of Lammermoor*, if it had been successful, we are told, and wholly successful it is not. Perhaps this judgment is nothing but a logical evolutionary process from that older verdict that *Kidnapped* was Mr. Stevenson's *Rob Roy*, and in some ways better than Scott's. On these insignificant matters we are left in a small dissenting body, content to wonder at the prodigality of Mr. Lang, whose appreciation of Scott, both as a poet—in this very volume—and as a romancer, is as the secretest voice of our prophetic soul.

But this diverse collection reveals other critical moods, and in none does Mr. Lang appear so gay, and prove so amusing, as when discussing that flower of fiction, the Fashionable Novel. This delightful paper is, indeed, the essayist's airiest and daintiest diversion, his crowning and centennial flower, his aloe-blossom—all sweets and no bitters, as the medicine-man has it. What has become of the Fashionable Novel? Who reads the works of the illustrious Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, "Tremaine" Ward—surely not "Tremayne," as Mr. Lang puts it?—Lady Blessington, Theodore Hook, and him who chronicled the grandeur of the Dandiacal body? Mr. Lang investigates this deep problem to excellent effect. Our novelists have lost the art. We must go, he tells us, to republics; to France for the best substitute, to the United States for its wildest transmutation. Does not M. Paul

* *Essays in Little*. By Andrew Lang. With Portrait of the Author. London: Henry & Co. 1891.

Bourget revel in *le grand luxe*, as only a young Republican can? Is not "Gyp" fashionable, and does she not "introduce us to the best of bad company"? In M. Guy de Maupassant's tales, Mr. Lang reminds us, "every third person has a 'de,' and is a 'Vicomte or a Marquis.'" M. Georges Ohnet, "like a man without a wedding garment," is said to be "lost, and quite at sea among his aristocrats." Here are noble exemplars for the English novelists, yet they find no competitors among us. "No," says Mr. Lang regretfully, "we have only Ouida left, and Mr. Norris." In New York, too, there is a kind of survival, though it is almost too fearsome for Mr. Lang's chaste contemplation. He cannot approve the morals and the lingo of these "Western Fashionables," whose converse is made up of "American idioms and of expressions transferred from the jargon of Decadence and the *Parnassiculet Contemporain*." These last dying efforts of the brave old mode suggest "a new tale to be told" of the last of the Fashionables, who became extinct—a last noble specimen—like the buffalo or the grizzly bear in some cañon or forest of the Wild West. And Mr. Lang tells the tale of the last of the Dandies, *ultimus hominum venustiorum*, in the pathetic and prophetic apologue, "The Last Fight of Four Hair-Brushes." We would not spoil, by a paraphrase, this elegant and moving recital. None but Ouida is Mr. Lang's rival here, and Ouida only in her finest moments of exaltation. Only comparable with this effulgent example of Mr. Lang's art is the critical inquiry into the poetic charms of that poet of fashion, poor dear Mr. Haynes Bayly. It is so cruel and good-tempered, this discourse on the old songs which none can sing, that it may well leave the reader in a trance of doubt as to Mr. Bayly's poetic claims, just as the study of Bayly hypnotized Mr. Lang. For we are quite sure on this point. Mr. Lang was hypnotized. His parodies are not as all other parodies. Bayly is clearly the only begetter of them, and fortunate is Bayly in the subjection of Mr. Lang to his beguiling influence. For the rest we can but add, as Mr. Lang says of Mr. Stevenson, *Essays in Little* ought to win every vote and please every class of reader.

BETTINA WALKER'S MUSICAL EXPERIENCES.*

THE experiences of girl-students of pianoforte-playing on the Continent may not all make such good reading as those of the author of the volume before us; but it is evident that, in spite of much hard work, there is a good deal of amusement to be obtained in the pursuit of virtuosi. First Miss Amy Fay from America, and now Miss Bettina Walker from England, give us their views of the different pianoforte-players of Europe under whom they have respectively studied. Judging by these experiences, the great masters are of a somewhat surly and over-weening nature, exacting and uncivil, even to positive rudeness; behaving to their students very much as an average navy behaves to his dog. Nevertheless, some subtle charm binds the adoring novice to her surly instructor, so that she is unable to tear herself away from him without the most heart-breaking regrets; and, when she has a chance of writing about him, always writes with the utmost enthusiasm. Of course, in such a book as this, a certain amount of that form of enthusiasm vulgarly termed "gush" is to be expected, and by some readers will doubtless be welcomed; but in fairness to Miss Walker we are bound to admit that she errs but seldom in this way. And this is all the more creditable to her, as the following extract will show what a mistress of the art she might become if she chose:—

Henselt's touch [she says, speaking of his pianoforte-playing] suggested a shelling—a peeling off of every particle of fibrous or barked rind; the unveiling of a fine, inner, crystalline, and yet most sensitive and most vitally elastic pith. With this it suggested a dipping deep down into a sea of tone, and bringing up thence a pearl of flawless beauty and purity; something, too, there was of the exhalation of an essence—so concentrated, so intense, that the whole being of the man seemed to have passed for the moment into his finger tips, from which the sound seemed to well out, just as some sweet yet pungent odour from the chalice of some rare flower.

All of which we most powerfully and potently believe, though we may be allowed to confess that we hardly know what it means.

Miss Walker first studied under Sir Sterndale Bennett, whom she describes as resembling Ary Schaffer's Dante, with a face "very pale, and, to my thinking, quite unlike anything you see every day; very quaint—in fact, like a face you see in an old picture." It was while she was yet studying with Bennett that she became acquainted with Tausig in Berlin, and her first and last interview with that virtuoso is here very pleasantly related. Tausig, however, was dead when she next went abroad, so that he cannot be considered as much more than a formative influence in her musical education. Sgambati was the next big fish landed by Miss Walker. While on a visit to Rome she determined to make the acquaintance of this great pupil of Liszt, and accordingly an interview was arranged, with the result that Sgambati persuaded her to consent to take out the diploma of the St. Cecilia Academy. This led to a somewhat lengthened stay in Rome, and to considerable intimacy with the professor and his wife, who really took great interest in the young student. The terrors of the examination for the diploma, the distressing breakdown of one of the pupils at a concert, and the terribly tragic story of a poor student who, while supporting himself by giving

lessons while studying under Sgambati, was reduced to starvation, having caught a severe cold which lost him all his pupils, as it was thought to be consumption, are all very effectively, and even dramatically, told in this section of the book, which closes with Miss Walker's introduction to Liszt. By this time, of course, she had become a "Lisztianerin," with "the enthusiasm of a neophyte who has just embraced a new faith," and before she left Rome she had gained his consent to see her in Weimar if she went there, and had secured a medallion portrait of Liszt, which he gave her, saying "I will give you a little thing to recall me to you." The seventh heaven or somewhere near it had been reached, and so she starts for Weimar.

Liszt-worship in all the fulsomeness of worshippers, and all the arrogance and effrontery of the worshipped, is here very cleverly described, and Miss Walker honestly confesses that she was stricken with the disease at that time. At Weimar, oddly enough, Miss Walker lived with two old maiden ladies, grand-daughters of Johann Nepomuk Hummel, the composer, who must have exercised a wholesome corrective influence upon any tendency in her towards Liszt-worship. The afternoon meetings of pupils at Liszt's house and at that of Fräulein Stahr are well described, and show how far enthusiasm for a great virtuoso will go amongst some natures; but Miss Walker had not yet found the great man she was in search of, and there was "something which I could not get at—something without which I felt dissatisfied," in consequence of which she started again upon the virtuoso-hunt. Deppe, the great Deppe, Miss Amy Fay's hero, is her next quest. She stumbles upon him as she is making her way up to the third floor of "a small inn close by the Anhalter Bahnhof," and is told to come back again at four o'clock, as he was then going to dinner. When she does meet him by appointment she plays to him and a Mr. Frederick Clarke, an American gentleman, who was an enthusiastic pupil. She finds, as did Miss Fay, that under this master she will have to begin at the beginning and devote herself *de novo* to five-finger exercises—a prospect which she hailed joyfully, but, owing to circumstances which she does not state, gave up after one lesson.

Enter Scharwenka, and he does not exactly satisfy her; but by a lucky chance, which she must be left to describe herself, she gets an introduction to Adolf von Henselt, then Court pianist to the Czar. Having successfully hunted him up at his summer retreat at Warmbrunn, she determined to follow him to St. Petersburg, and in him she found her hero. At first somewhat bearish, Henselt evidently became fond of his pupil, and the relations between master and student were very cordial and intimate. Miss Walker has great powers of delineation of character, and the way in which she deals with her hero's is certainly masterly. The man is presented to the reader as he lived with all his fine artistic aspirations, his oddly exacting ways, his autocratic methods, and also his tender-heartedness and generosity, in spite of his eccentricities. Mme. von Henselt also is an excellent figure in these pages, as well as the old housekeeper. Of Miss Walker's adventures upon her arrival at St. Petersburg, her introduction to Fräulein Heinrichsen, her "coach," and the many incidents of her life at St. Petersburg, we leave the reader to find out from the book itself, a task which will not be found difficult, as Miss Walker writes very pleasingly. At the time when the pianoforte professors at the Conservatoire rebelled against their chief, Anton Rubinstein, Henselt, who was an old man, spontaneously offered to devote twelve hours each week in giving lessons gratuitously for the institution; but this was not carried into effect on account of a rule making his presence necessary at committees, musical evenings, and examinations. Rubinstein was so struck with his generosity that he wrote him a very characteristic note. "My whole career," he says bitterly, "has been based on the worthiness of artists. Latterly, I have become confused, and have almost come to the conclusion that artists are not nobler than the public. Here comes your letter—I see, I hear, I believe." The greater part of this book deals with Henselt, and even those who may not agree with the author's opinion that "he stands third with Chopin and Liszt—that to this trio we can add no fourth," &c., will find much to interest and amuse them.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE last work of the late M. Ernest Havet (†) had been, we are told, revised from its state of review articles in the *Deux Mondes* by him before his death. It should be an interesting book to all who take an interest in its subject, and even to some who do not, because it shows, in the same material, but in a different manner, the same curious fallacy which is exhibited in M. Renan. Indeed this fallacy is common to all Biblical critics who, as M. Havet says, wish "surtout n'être pas dupes," and who succeed in being nothing but dupes. As everybody knows, for the last two centuries a certain number of persons have been criticizing the Bible very much as a man might criticize Colenso's Arithmetic who started by saying, "None of your antiquated belief in the multiplication-table!" The principle, says M. Havet gravely, "qui s'impose maintenant à toute critique exclut tout surnaturel." Then why bother yourself about the Bible at all? But they will bother, and naturally Nokes out-

(†) *La modernité des prophètes*. Par Ernest Havet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

* *My Musical Experiences*. By Bettina Walker. 1 vol. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

dares Stokes in azure feats. The poverty in azure which provoked this particular Nokes on the part of the Stokeses concerns the Prophets. Some misguided ones, even the separatists of First and Second Isaiahs, and so forth, had allowed the existence of Jeremiah at his supposed date, and the like; some had brought him and others down to the fourth century. M. Havet, greatly daring, will have them second century, or later, and Maccabee, if not actually Herodian. We do not see that he is less well off for argument than his fellows. First decide that prophecy is impossible, then fix on any historic event which seems to you to answer to a prophetic description, then put the description at the date of the event. That is all; and it is charmingly simple. For our parts, we intend, when we have time, to prove that the entire Old Testament was written just after the collapse of the Puritan movement in England. His must, indeed, be a beggarly intellect who cannot see the line of argument we shall take: and if it be not as good a line as that of any of these arguers, call us horse!

It may seem odd that Corot should have waited so long for a place in *Les artistes célèbres* (2), but somebody must come first and somebody last in all series, and often it is the merest accident that determines the order. One inevitable drawback of the book will occur at once to every one—to wit, that hardly any process in black and white, and ordinary wood-engraving least of all, can render that enchanted and enchanting atmosphere which is Corot's charm. The famous "Le soir" is, however, by no means ill rendered here, considering the means, and in a different style the "Lac de Nemi" may be very well spoken of as reproduction. The body of the book is less critical than historical, and is plentifully and pleasantly garnished with those anecdotes of generosity and kindness which are fortunately numerous enough in the history of artists, but which are seldom more abundant than in Corot's case. There is also a catalogue, which, however, does not pretend to be complete.

M. Pallain, without troubling himself any more to suggest, what time has verified, that his sober documents may be found quite as satisfactory as the much-vaunted *Memoirs*, goes on with their publication, and has now reached the last stage of Talleyrand's (3) diplomatic life—the London Embassy, in which he undertook to do, and did what he could, to bolster up the newly, and not very firmly, established July Monarchy. Something is known about this period—the period of the terrible *Fraser* caricature—from English sources, and the proceedings in which Talleyrand had to take part were more important than exciting. But his remarks on the era of the English Reform Bill could not but be valuable, and there is much other matter of importance for the historian in the volume.

The key-note of M. Emile Blémont's *Appleblossoms* (4), as we may with very slight treachery English it, is so different from that of most French or, to be honest, of most European poetry nowadays, that we can only say bravo! even if the verse be of no extraordinary kind:—

Dormir, aimer, manger et boire,
Le bonheur n'a pas d'autre histoire,

says M. Blémont, and really we don't know that it has. His expansion of this sentiment is not less agreeable:—

Plus de journaux, plus de romans,
Plus de querelles d'Allemands!
Nous désapprenons l'écriture,
Et nous ne ferons rien—mais rien,
Que cheminer à l'aventure,
Aimer, dormir, et manger bien!

Bravo! again. And here is an excellent song:—

Saint Leu disait à Saint Gilles,
Avec un sourire fin,
"Je mets, par les évangiles,
Le cidre au-dessus du vin!"
"Cidre et vin se laissent boire,"
Dit Saint Gilles à Saint Leu;
"L'un et l'autre me font croire
A la grandeur du bon Dieu."

Bravissimo!

M. André Daniel's useful *Année politique* (5), the best summary of French politics from year to year, has reached its seventeenth appearance.

M. Paul Barbier is an experienced and accomplished teacher of French, and his *French Examination Course* (6)—a hundred and twenty papers of mingled English and French grammar and phrase, the latter including idioms and those extremely treacherous apparent similarities of the two languages which look so alike and are so different—seems to be very well drawn up.

(2) *Les artistes célèbres*. Par L. Roger-Milès. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(3) *Ambassade de Talleyrand à Londres*. Par G. Pallain. Première partie. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Les pommiers en fleur*. Par E. Blémont. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *L'année politique*. Par André Daniel. Paris: Charpentier.

(6) *A Graduated French Examination Course*. By Paul Barbier. London: Whitaker.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

RARELY has the botany of a county received so complete a representation as in Mr. James E. Bagnall's *Flora of Warwickshire* (London: Gurney & Jackson; Birmingham: Cornish Brothers). This volume realizes the promise of Mr. Bagnall's previous contributions to the *Midland Naturalist*. The classification and descriptive notes are altogether admirable. The county is divided into ten botanical districts, determined by the chief river basins. References in the *Flora* to the numbers of these districts are appended to each flowering plant, fern, moss, or lichen specified, and the locality may be identified in most instances by consulting the excellent map provided in a convenient pocket in the binding. The introductory matter comprises a capital sketch of the geology of the county by Mr. A. Bernard Badger, a note on the meteorology by Mr. Goodwin Newton, and very useful notes on topography, soils, natural products, and the local delineation of the various botanical districts, with lists and numbers of plants belonging to each district. In the list and description of Warwickshire fungi Mr. W. B. Grove is associated with Mr. Bagnall.

Mr. E. Leuty Collins needlessly, and with undue solemnity, asks if he is to be blamed if, in *Hadasseh* (Fisher Unwin), he should be convicted of having "gone to Scripture whereon to found a crude romance." The story of Esther, or of the Jewish Hadasseh—as Mr. Collins has it—is certainly not without romantic elements as it stands; and, on the whole, gains nothing by transmutation at the hands of Mr. Collins, whose style is heavy and tedious. The dramatic catastrophe of the hanging of Haman, for example, loses almost all its force in the romance of *Hadasseh*.

The great "negro problem" has inspired Mr. Arthur Henry to set forth in fictitious guise a kind of vision or prophecy of the victorious emancipated negro, under the title *Nicholas Blood, Candidate* (New York: Oliver Dodd; London: Brentano's). This is a gruesome glance, as it were, at the black Reign of Terror that is to be, or may be, in the United States.

Dutiful Daughters (Eden, Remington, & Co.) is an extravagant, yet not unamusing, "tale of London Life"—the story of a modern unheroic Lear, his two monstrous unfeeling daughters, and a sweet little Cordelia, his niece.

In the reissue of the Aldine Poets, the latest volume is the *Poems of Raleigh, Wotton, and other Courtly Poets* (Bell & Sons), with notes and introduction by the Rev. Dr. Hannah.

Messrs. Reeves & Turner have given what has been long wanted, a one-volume edition of Mr. William Morris's *Earthly Paradise*. The print, though necessarily small, is very clear and good, and the volume handsome.

From Messrs. Effingham Wilson & Co. we have received several additional volumes to the series of "Legal Handy Books" and other useful manuals. Mr. C. E. Stewart's treatise on *The Sale of Goods* is a useful pocket guide that explains and illustrates the rights, liabilities, and duties of buyers and sellers. Mr. T. W. Haycraft's compact little volume, *The Powers, Duties, and Liabilities of Directors*, will be found very serviceable to intending shareholders, as well as supplying explicit information on the subject of directors' responsibilities. By the same writer we have *A Handy Book on the Bills of Sale Acts*, which, without arriving at any exhaustive treatment of an extremely complex subject, is full of practical counsel and guidance.

Your First Game of Golf, by Gerald Hillinthorn (Day & Son), illustrates by pithy observations and diverting drawings—chromos, for the most part—the fortunes of a beginner during his first day on the links. The artist shows much humour in his treatment of a suggestive theme. Especially amusing are the drawings and "simple diagram" of the science of "driving."

The *Souvenir of "Ravenswood"* (Cassell & Co.), the latest of *Lyceum* souvenirs, comprises capital reproductions of the fine stage effects in *Ravenswood*, by Mr. J. B. Partridge and Messrs. Harker and Hawes Craven, the designers of the original scenery.

That admirable journal of the arts and industries of the Japanese, *Artistic Japan*, conducted by S. Bing (Sampson Low & Co.), contains, in its thirty-first monthly part, a variety of excellent plates, among them a striking landscape by Toyokuni, and a delightful "Dream of a Cat" by Utamaro.

In this month's issue of *Our Celebrities* (Sampson Low & Co.), Mr. Walery's gallery of photography is augmented by excellent portraits of Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., Mr. G. A. Sala, and Mr. Clement Scott.

Among recent pamphlets we note *The Essential Connexion between the Old and New Testaments*, by the Rev. John Slatter (Parker & Co.); *Speeches delivered in Scotland, 1890*, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., "authorised edition" (Edinburgh: Elliot); *Opening Address*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, at University Hall (Smith, Elder, & Co.); *The Partition of Africa*, by J. Scott Keltie, reprinted from Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, November 1890; *The Battle of the Standpoints*, by Alfred Cave, D.D. (Eyre & Spottiswoode); *My Journal*, with an account of General Havelock's march to Lucknow, by "A Volunteer" (Major-General Swanston) (Uxbridge: Hutchings); *The Admiralty Falsification of the "Challenger" Record*, by William Leighton Jordan (Spottiswoode & Co.); *A Study of Theories of Inspiration*, by John Francis Stretch, L.L.B. (Skeffington & Co.); *Insurance Made Easy*, by Mr. Arthur Roade, of Manchester; *Thoughts for the Thoughtful*, by William Boggitt

(Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Adhesive Postage Stamp*, by Patrick Chalmers (Effingham Wilson); and a *Paper* by Mr. J. R. Whitley, read to the Members of the German Athenæum, on the Recent Exhibitions at Earl's Court, 1887-91 (Waterlow & Sons).

We have also received *The Ethical Problem*, by Dr. Paul Carus (Chicago: Open Court Co.); *Papers of the American Historical Association* (Putnam's Sons); *The Ottoman Public Debt: Translation of the Annual Report of Council of Administration*, by Mr. Vincent Caillard; *The Veto Power: its Origin, &c.*, by Edward Campbell Mason, being No. 1 of the "Harvard Historical Monographs" (Boston: Ginn & Co.); *New Zealand Crown Lands Guide*, No. 10 (Wellington, New Zealand: Didsbury); *The Financial Condition of New Zealand*, 1890, by the Hon. Sir H. A. Atkinson (Wellington: Didsbury); *The Annual Report of the Art Union of London*; *The Annual Report of the St. Helen's Free Public Library Committee*; and the *Report of the Bradford Free Libraries and Art Museum Committee*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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 TO-DAY (Saturday), at 2. To-night THE LYONS MAIL and Friday and Saturday Night, February 15 and 16. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Night, RAVENSWOOD next Friday Night, THE BELLS Saturday Night, February 21. MATINÉES, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Saturdays, February 21 and 28, at 2. Box Office (Mr. J. Hunt) open 10 to 5, and during the performance.
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PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Lessee and Manageress. Last Performances of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra, Mr. Corahan as Antony, at 8. For Cast see daily papers. Doors Open at 7.30. Carriage at 11. Box-office open 10 to 5. Telephone, 8866. Last night, Saturday next, at 8. Last MATINÉE, SATURDAY next at 2.

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ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY

(Office: 9 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C., London).
 The FOURTH ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, February 17, 1891, in the Lecture Theatre of the Museum of Practical Geology, 35 Jermyn Street, S.W., at 7.45 P.M., when the following Paper will be read:—
 "THE VITAL STATISTICS OF PEABODY BUILDINGS AND OTHER ARTISANS' AND LABOURERS' BLOCK DWELLINGS," by Dr. ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, D.P.H., Medical Officer of Health for Brighton.

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THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, March 10, 1891, at half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for laying on BUILDING LEASES for a term of Eighty Years TWO PLOTS of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate in Gracechurch Street.

Further particulars, with conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on application at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

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Sewers' Office, Guildhall:
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HENRY BLAKE,
 Principal Clerk.

CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 26, 27, 28. ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least, of value ranging between £50 and £200 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen. For further details apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NAUTICAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more, open to competition at Midsummer, 1-91, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £100 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

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The COURSE OF STUDY is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. About FIFTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September 1891. For Competition the Secretary of State will offer TEN Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department and TWO in the Indian Telegraph Department. For particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

DENSTONE COLLEGE.
HALF-TERM will begin on March 17. Classical and Modern Studies. Terms, 21 Guinea. Head-Master's House, 45 Guinea. For prospectus apply to the Rev. D. EDWARDS, M.A., Head-Master, Denstone College, Uttoxeter.

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